POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

ENGLAND

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POEMS OF PLACES.

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

ENGLAND.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

MADAME DE STAEL has somewhere said, that "travelling is the saddest of all pleasures." But we all have the longing of Rasselas in our hearts. We are ready to leave the Happy Valley of home, and eager to see something of the world beyond the streets and steeples of our native town. To the young, travelling is a boundless delight; to the old, a pleasant memory and a tender regret.

I have often observed that among travellers there exists a kind of free-masonry. To have visited the same scenes is a bond of sympathy between those who have no other point of contact. A vague interest surrounds the man

whom we have met in a foreign land, and even reserved and silent people become communicative when the conversation turns upon the countries they have seen.

I have always found the Poets my best travelling companions. They see many things that are invisible to common eyes. Like Orlando in the forest of Arden, they "hang odes on hawthorns and elegies on thistles." They invest the landscape with a human feeling, and cast upon it

> "The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

Even scenes unlovely in themselves become clothed in beauty when illuminated by the imagination, as faces in themselves not beautiful become so by the expression of thought and feeling.

This collection of Poems of Places has been made partly for the pleasure of making it, and partly for the pleasure I hope it may give to those who shall read its pages. It is the voice

of the Poets expressing their delight in the scenes of nature, and, like the song of birds, surrounding the earth with music. For myself, I confess that these poems have an indescribable charm, as showing how the affections of men have gone forth to their favorite haunts, and consecrated them forever.

Great is the love of English poets for rural and secluded places. Greater still their love of rivers. In Drayton's Poly-Olbion the roar of rivers is almost deafening; and if more of them do not run through the pages of this work, it is from fear of changing it into a morass, which, however beautiful with flowers and flags, might be an unsafe footing for the wayfarer.

Of one or two names I have been a little doubtful, not finding them in any map or gazetteer. They may be only pseudonymes. But doubtless the poets had some place in mind as they wrote, and the beauty of the verses must be my apology for inserting them.

I remember to have read in some book of the

law, that, "if a man's land is not surrounded by any actual fence, the law encircles it with an imaginary enclosure, to pass which is to break and enter his close." In this work I fear the Poets will regard me as a great trespasser. I certainly have broken and entered their close; but as I have done it with no evil intent, I trust they will pardon me.

The volumes now published will be followed by others of a like character, descriptive of other countries, till the "Voyage round the World" sketched by Mr. Montgomery in the poem which stands as Prelude, shall be brought to a safe and happy end.

H. W. L.

CAMBRIDGE, March 17, 1876.

PROLOGUE.

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

EMBLEM of eternity,
Unbeginning, endless sea!
Let me launch my soul on thee.

Sail nor keel, nor helm nor oar,
Need I, ask I, to explore
Thine expanse from shore to shore.

By a single glance of thought
Thy whole realm's before me brought,
Like the universe, from nought.

All thine aspects now I view,
Ever old, yet ever new;
Time nor tide thy power subdue.

All thy voices now I hear;
Sounds of gladness, grandeur, fear,
Meet and mingle in mine ear.

All thy wonders are revealed,
Treasures hidden in thy field,
From the birth of nature sealed.

But thy depths I search not now,
Nor thy liquid surface plough
With a billow-breaking prow.

Eager fancy, unconfined,
In a voyage of the mind,
Sweeps along thee like the wind.

Here a breeze, I skim thy plain;
There a tempest, pour amain
Thunder, lightning, hail, and rain.

Where the surges never roll
Round the undiscovered pole,
Thence set out, my venturous soul!

See o'er Greenland, cold and wild,
Rocks of ice eternal piled;
Yet the mother loves her child,

And the wildernesses drear
To the native's heart are dear;
All love's charities dwell here.

Next on lonely Labrador,
Let me hear the snow-storms roar,
Blinding, burying all before.

Yet even here, in glens and coves,
Man the heir of all things roves,
Feasts and fights, and laughs and loves.

But a brighter vision breaks
O'er Canadian woods and lakes;
These my spirit soon forsakes.

Land of exiled liberty,
Where our fathers once were free,
Brave New England! hail to thee!

Pennsylvania, while thy flood
Waters fields unbought with blood,
Stand for peace, as thou hast stood.

The West Indies I behold,
Like the Hesperides of old,
Trees of life with fruits of gold.

No, — a curse is on their soil;
Bonds and scourges, tears and toil,
Man degrade and earth despoil.

Horror-struck, I turn away,
Coasting down the Mexique bay;
Slavery there hath had her day.

Hark! eight hundred thousand tongues
Startle midnight with strange songs;
England ends her negroes' wrongs.

Loud the voice of freedom spoke,
Every accent split a yoke,
Every word a fetter broke.

South America expands
Forest-mountains, river-lands,
And a nobler race demands.

And a nobler race arise,
Stretch their limbs, unclose their eyes,
Claim the earth, and seek the skies.

Gliding through Magellan's Straits,
Where two oceans ope their gates,
What a glorious scene awaits!

The immense Pacific smiles,
Round ten thousand little isles,
Haunts of violence and wiles.

But the powers of darkness yield,
For the Cross is in the field,
And the light of life revealed.

Rays from rock to rock it darts,
Conquers adamantine hearts,
And immortal bliss imparts.

North and west, receding far
From the evening's downward star,
Now I mount Aurora's car:

Pale Siberia's deserts shun,
From Kamschatka's storm-cliffs run,
South and east, to meet the sun.

Jealous China, dire Japan,
With bewildered eyes I scan,
They are but dead seas of man,

Ages in succession find
Forms that change not, stagnant mind,
And they leave the same behind.

Lo! the Eastern Cyclades,
Phœnix-nests and sky-blue seas,
But I tarry not with these.

Pass we drear New Holland's shoals,
Where no ample river rolls,
World of unawakened souls!

Bring them forth; — 't is Heaven's decree.
Man, assert thy liberty;
Let not brutes look down on thee.

Either India next is seen,
With the Ganges stretched between;
Ah! what horrors here have been.

War, disguised as commerce, came;
Britain, carrying sword and flame,
Won an empire, — lost her name.

But that name shall be restored,
Law and justice wield the sword,
And her God be here adored.

By the Gulf of Persia sail,
Where the true-love nightingale
Woos the rose in every vale.

Though Arabia charge the breeze
With the incense of her trees,
On I press through southern seas.

Cape of storms, thy spectre fled,
See, the angel Hope, instead,
Lights from heaven upon thine head;

And where Table-mountain stands,
Barbarous hordes from desert sands
Bless the sight with lifted hands.

St. Helena's dungeon-keep
Scowls defiance o'er the deep;
There a warrior's relics sleep.

Who he was, and how he fell,
Europe, Asia, Afric tell:
On that theme all time shall dwell.

But henceforth, till nature dies,
These three simple words comprise
All the future: "Here he lies."

Mammon's plague-ships throng the waves:
O, 't were mercy to the slaves,
Were the maws of sharks their graves!

Not for all the gems and gold,
Which thy streams and mountains hold,
Or for which thy sons are sold,

Land of negroes! would I dare
In this felon-trade to share,
Or to brand its guilt forbear.

Hercules! thy pillars stand,
Sentinels of sea and land!
Cloud-capt Atlas towers at hand.

Where, when Cato's word was fate,
Fell the Carthaginian state,
And where exiled Marius sate,

Mark the dens of caitiff Moors;
Ha! the pirates seize their oars:
Haste we from the accurséd shores!

Egypt's hieroglyphic realm
Other floods than Nile's o'erwhelm;
Slaves turned despots hold the helm.

Judah's cities are forlorn,
Lebanon and Carmel shorn,
Zion trampled down with scorn.

Greece, thine ancient lamp is spent;
Thou art thine own monument;
But the sepulchre is rent,

And a wind is on the wing,
At whose breath new heroes spring,
Sages teach, and poets sing.

Italy, thy beauties shroud
In a gorgeous evening cloud;
Thy refulgent head is bowed.

Rome, in ruins lovely still,
On her Capitolian hill,
Bids thee, mourner, weep thy fill.

Yet where Roman genius reigns,
Roman blood must warm the veins;
Look well, tyrants, to your chains!

Splendid realm of old romance,
Spain, thy tower-crowned crest advance,
Grasp the shield and couch the lance.

At the fire-flash of thine eye,
Giant bigotry would fly,
At thy voice oppression die.

Lusitania, from the dust,
Shake thy locks, — thy cause is just;
Strike for freedom, strike and trust.

France, I hurry from thy shore;
Thou art not the France of yore,
Thou art new-born France no more.

Great thou wast; and who like thee?
Then mad-drunk with liberty;
What *now?* — neither great nor free.

Sweep by Holland like the blast,
One quick glance on Denmark cast,
Sweden, Russia, — all are past.

Elbe nor Weser tempt my stay;
Germany, beware the day
When thy schools again bear sway!

Now to thee, to thee, I fly,
Fairest isle beneath the sky,
To my heart, as in mine eye.

I have seen them, one by one,
Every shore beneath the sun,
And my voyage now is done.

While I bid them all be blest,
Britain is my home, my rest;
Mine own land! I love thee best.

James Montgomery.

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AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

ALL hail, thou noble land,
Our Fathers' native soil!
O, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore!
For thou with magic might
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime
From his pine-embattled steep
Shall hail the guest sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine, —
O'er the main our naval line
Like the Milky-Way shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have past
Since our Fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of Heaven rung
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts, —
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One."

Washington Allston.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard, along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
With strange, unearthly splendor in the glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending. and bowing o'er the billowy swells,

And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;
And when, returning from adventures wild,
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on forevermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE STEAMSHIP.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads
The ridged and rolling waves,
As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
She bows her surly slaves!
With foam before and fire behind,
She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,
With heaped and glistening bells,
Falls round her fast in ringing showers,
With every wave that swells;
And, flaming o'er the midnight deep,
In lurid fringes thrown,
The living gems of ocean sweep
Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud, and billows reel,
She thunders foaming by!
When seas are silent and serene,
With even beam she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
She veils her shadowy form,
The beating of her restless heart
Still sounding through the storm;
Now answers, like a courtly dame,
The reddening surges o'er,
With flying scarf of spangled flame,
The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
Who trims his narrowed sail;
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
Her broad breast to the gale;
And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
Shall break from yard and stay,
Before this smoky wreath has stained
The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,
I see yon quivering mast;
The black throat of the hunted cloud
Is panting forth the blast!

An hour, and, whirled like winnowing chaff,
The giant surge shall fling
His tresses o'er yon pennon-staff,
White as the sea-bird's wing!

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep;
Nor wind nor wave shall tire
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
With floods of living fire;
Sleep on, — and when the morning light
Streams o'er the shining bay,
O, think of those for whom the night
Shall never wake in day!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

O LONELY bay of Trinity,
O dreary shores, give ear!
Lean down unto the white-lipped sea
The voice of God to hear!

From world to world his couriers fly,
Thought-winged and shod with fire;
The angel of his stormy sky
Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord?
"The world's long strife is done;

Close wedded by that mystic cord,
Its continents are one.

"And one in heart, as one in blood,
Shall all her peoples be;
The hands of human brotherhood
Are clasped beneath the sea.

"Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's plain
And Asian mountains borne,
The vigor of the Northern brain
Shall nerve the world outworn.

"From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Shall thrill the magic thread;
The new Prometheus steals once more
The fire that wakes the dead."

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder! beat
From answering beach to beach;
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,
And melt the chains of each!

Wild terror of the sky above,
Glide tame and dumb below!
Bear gently, Ocean's carrier-dove,
Thy errands to and fro.

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
Beneath the deep so far,
The bridal robe of earth's accord,
The funeral shroud of war!

For lo! the fall of Ocean's wall
Space mocked and time outrun;
And round the world the thought of all
Is as the thought of one!

The poles unite, the zones agree,
The tongues of striving cease;
As on the Sea of Galilee
The Christ is whispering, Peace!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths; thy fields
Are not a spoil for him; thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies

His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war, —
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee:
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed; in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime, —
The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers; they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 't was a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

Lord Byron.

TRAVELLING.

CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honored love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.

William Shakespeare.

THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,

A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee,
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE WORLD AT A DISTANCE.

'TIS pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
Thus sitting and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And avarice that make man a wolf to man,
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land:

The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return, — a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

William Cowper.

HIGHWAYS.

WHO doth not love to follow with his eye
The winding of a public way? the sight,
Familiar object as it is, hath wrought
On my imagination since the morn
Of childhood, when a disappearing line,
One daily present to my eyes, that crossed
The naked summit of a far-off hill
Beyond the limits that my feet had trod,
Was like an invitation into space
Boundless, or guide into eternity.
Yes, something of the grandeur which invests
The mariner who sails the roaring sea
Through storm and darkness, early in my mind
Surrounded too the wanderers of the earth;
Grandeur as much, and loveliness far more.

William Wordsworth.

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

TO thee, fair Freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble Inn.

'T is here with boundless power I reign;
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne;
Such freedom crowns it, at an Inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from Falsehood's specious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an Inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an Inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn.

William Shenstone.

PLACES.

IN the heart's album there are treasured faces,
Our household darlings, friends which are our own,
And with them favorite haunts and cherished places,
So dear, they seem but made for us alone.

Old age remembers over misty distance
The brook the boy once loved; its scent of flowers
Comes wafted from it yet with sweet persistence,
And builds again for him those vanished hours.

He feels once more his bare feet in the stubble,
His jointed fishing-rod, his bat and ball,
Till, flown from dreary days and thoughts of trouble,
His pulses still sing music through it all.

Later, the sea-shore, haunt of vague emotion,
Where his thoughts travelled on the gleaming wave,
Or rose in flowering hopes, as smitten ocean
Shot jets of thundrous splendor round his cave.

The sacred path, which two once trod enchanted,
And now but one, and he with faltering tread,
Feeling its grassy curves and hollows haunted
By watching eyes, whose light is with the dead.

Then there are favorite nooks of early travel,
Where dreaming idly on the summer grass,
He saw the Swiss cascades their threads unravel,
And evening strike above the shadowy pass.

Clitumnus' oxen wander by the plashing
Of Virgil's sacred river; and the bees
Pillage the heavy flowers in sunlight flashing
While the doves murmur from the ilex-trees.

Here Como's nightingale above the rowing
Sings its lament; and, doubled in the lake,
He sees himself and boat, and softly showing,
The clouds and distant hills a picture make.

Sorrento hangs there, crowned in memory's vision,
Starry with clustered orange, and below
An azure dream-world, soft with indecision,
Where dulse and tangle round mosaics grow.

Such is the album memory fills with treasures,
Hid in the heart, where love doth keep the key;
There in procession pass life's pains and pleasures,
Fresh and undying till it cease to be.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE.

THE ceaseless rain is falling fast,
And yonder gilded vane,
Immovable for three days past,
Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself,
And to the fireside gleams,

To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung
Of lands beyond the sea,
And the bright days when I was young
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again
The Alpine torrent's roar,
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall
Rise from its groves of pine,
And towers of old cathedrals tall,
And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire,
Beneath centennial trees,
Through fields with poppies all on fire,
And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,
No more I feel fatigue,
While journeying with another's feet
O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand
Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies
  Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their eyes,
  Better than with mine own.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ENGLAND.

Aldborough.

THE FENS.

ON rode Orlando, counting all the while
The miles he passed, and every coming mile;
Like all attracted things, he quicker flies,
The place approaching where the attraction lies;
When next appeared a dam — so call the place —
Where lies a road confined in narrow space;
A work of labor, for on either side
Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide,
With dikes on either hand by ocean's self supplied:
Far on the right the distant sea is seen,
And salt the springs that feed the marsh between;
Beneath an ancient bridge, the straitened flood
Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud;
Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,
That frets and hurries to the opposing side;
The rushes sharp, that on the borders grow,
Bend their brown flowerets to the stream below,
Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow:

Here a grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom,
Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume;
The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread
Partake the nature of their fenny bed;
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume;
Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh;
Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
And just in view appears their stony bound;
No hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun,
Birds, save a watery tribe, the district shun,
Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run.

George Crabbe.

THE RIVER.

WITH ceaseless motion comes and goes the tide,
Flowing, it fills the channel vast and wide;
Then back to sea, with strong majestic sweep
It rolls, in ebb yet terrible and deep;
Here samphire-banks and salt-wort bound the flood,
There stakes and sea-weeds withering on the mud;
And higher up, a ridge of all things base,
Which some strong tide has rolled upon the place.
Thy gentle river boasts its pygmy boat,
Urged on by pains, half grounded, half afloat;
While at her stern an angler takes his stand,
And marks the fish he purposes to land
From that clear space, where, in the cheerful ray
Of the warm sun, the scaly people play.

Far other craft our prouder river shows,
Hoys, pinks, and sloops; brigs, brigantines, and snows:
Nor angler we on our wide stream descry,
But one poor dredger where his oysters lie:
He, cold and wet, and driving with the tide,
Beats his weak arms against his tarry side,
Then drains the remnant of diluted gin,
To aid the warmth that languishes within;
Renewing oft his poor attempts to beat
His tingling fingers into gathering heat.

George Crabbe.

THE HEATH.

LO! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighboring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil;
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendor vainly shines around.

George Crabbe.

TO THE SEA.

WRITTEN ON THE BEACH AT ALDBOROUGH.

THOU awful sea! upon this shingly beach
Of Aldborough I pace: my gazing eye
Thy world of waters lost in the dim sky
Admiring, and thy echoing waves, that teach,
In voice of thunder, more than tongue can preach;
The knell of ages past and passing by;
And claim their ancient empire o'er the dry
And solid earth; each animating each.
Of towns long sunk, o'er which thy wild waves roar,
Of sea to land, of land to ocean turned,
I muse: and mourn, that who could amplest pour
Homeric tones on thy resounding shore
Porson is dead! — that sea of Grecian lore
Unbounded, in the abyss of fate inurned.

Capel Lofft.

Aldershot.

CRIMEAN INVALID SOLDIERS REAPING AT ALDERSHOT.

REAP ye the ripe, ripe corn,
Ye have reaped the green and the young,
The fruits that were scarcely born, —
The fibres that just were strung.

Ye have reaped, as the Destinies reap,
The wit and the worth of Man,
The tears that we vainly weep,
The deeds that we vainly plan.

Now reap as the generous life
Of the pregnant Earth commands,
Each seed with a future rife,
And the work of a thousand hands.

Lord Houghton.

Alnwick.

ALNWICK CASTLE.

HOME of the Percy's high-born race,
Home of their beautiful and brave,
Alike their birth and burial place,
Their cradle and their grave!
Still sternly o'er the castle gate
Their house's Lion stands in state
As in his proud departed hours;
And warriors frown in stone on high,
And feudal banners "flout the sky"
Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines
Lovely in England's fadeless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
Through this romantic scene

As silently and sweetly still
As when, at evening, on that hill,
  While summer's wind blew soft and low,
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
His Katherine was a happy bride
  A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the Abbey's ruined pile:
  Does not the succoring ivy, keeping
Her watch around it, seem to smile,
  As o'er a loved one sleeping?
One solitary turret gray
  Still tells, in melancholy glory,
The legend of the Cheviot day,
  The Percy's proudest border story.
That day its roof was triumph's arch;
  Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome,
The light step of the soldier's march,
  The music of the trump and drum;
And babe, and sire, the old, the young,
And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,
And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
  Welcomed her warrior home.

Wild roses by the Abbey towers
  Are gay in their young bud and bloom:
They were born of a race of funeral flowers
That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
  A templar's knightly tomb.
He died, the sword in his mailéd hand,
On the holiest spot of the blessed land,

Where the cross was damped with his dying breath,
When blood ran free as festal wine,
And the sainted air of Palestine
Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,
What tales, if there be "tongues in trees,"
Those giant oaks could tell,
Of beings born and buried here;
Tales of the peasant and the peer,
Tales of the bridal and the bier,
The welcome and farewell,
Since on their boughs the startled bird
First in her twilight slumbers, heard
The Norman's curfew-bell!

I wandered through the lofty halls
Trod by the Percys of old fame,
And traced upon the chapel walls
Each high, heroic name,—
From him who once his standard set
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons,
To him who, when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
A major of dragoons.

That last half-stanza,—it has dashed
From my warm lip the sparkling cup;
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
The power that bore my spirit up

Above this bank-note world is gone;
And Alnwick's but a market-town,
And this, alas! its market-day,
And beasts and borderers throng the way;
Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,
Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,
Men in the coal and cattle line;
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooler, Morpeth, Hexham, and
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
These are not the romantic times
So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
So dazzling to the dreaming boy;
Ours are the days of fact, not fable,
Of knights, but not of the round table,
Of Baillie Jarvie, not Rob Roy;
'T is what "Our President" Monroe
Has called "the era of good feeling";
The Highlander, the bitterest foe
To modern laws, has felt their blow,
Consented to be taxed, and vote,
And put on pantaloons and coat,
And leave off cattle-stealing;
Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglass in red herrings;
And noble name and cultured land,
Palace and park and vassal band,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild or the Barings.

The age of bargaining, said Burke,
Has come; to-day the turbaned Turk
(Sleep, Richard of the lion heart!
Sleep on, nor from your cerements start!)
Is England's friend and fast ally;
The Moslem tramples on the Greek,
And on the cross and altar-stone,
And Christendom looks tamely on,
And hears the Christian maiden shriek,
And sees the Christian father die;
And not a sabre-blow is given
For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,
By Europe's craven chivalry.

You 'll ask if yet the Percy lives
In the armed pomp of feudal state?
The present representatives
Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate"
Are some half-dozen serving-men
In the drab coat of William Penn;
A chambermaid whose lip and eye,
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
Spoke nature's aristocracy;
And one, half groom, half seneschal,
Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,
For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Alum Bay.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE NEEDLES HOTEL, ALUM BAY, ISLE OF WIGHT.

HOW simple in their grandeur are the forms
That constitute this picture! Nature grants
Scarce more than sternest cynic might desire, —
Earth, sea, and sky, and hardly lends to each
Variety of color; yet the soul
Asks nothing fairer than the scene it grasps
And makes its own forever! From the gate
Of this home-featured Inn, which nestling cleaves
To its own shelf among the downs, begirt
With trees which lift no branches to defy
The fury of the storm, but crouch in love
Round the low snow-white walls whence they receive
More shelter than they lend,— the heart-soothed guest
Views a furze-dotted common, on each side
Wreathed into waving eminences, clothed
Above the furze with scanty green, in front
Indented sharply to admit the sea,
Spread thence in softest blue, — to which a gorge
Sinking within the valley's deepening green
Invites by grassy path; the Eastern down
Swelling with pride into the waters, shows
Its sward-tipped precipice of radiant white,
And claims the dazzling peak beneath its brow
Part of its ancient bulk, which hints the strength

Of those famed pinnacles that still withstand
The conquering waves, as fortresses maintained
By death-devoted troops, hold out awhile
After the game of war is lost, to prove
The virtue of the conquered. — Here are scarce
Four colors for the painter; yet the charm
Which permanence, mid worldly change, confers,
Is felt, if ever, here; for he who loves
To bid this scene refresh his inward eye
When far away, may feel it keeping still
The very aspect that it wore for him,
Scarce changed by Time or Season: Autumn finds
Scant boughs on which the lustre of decay
May tremble fondly; Storms may rage in vain
Above the clumps of sturdy furze, which stand
The Forest of the Fairies; Twilight gray
Finds in the landscape's stern and simple forms
Naught to conceal; the Moon, although she cast
Upon the element she sways a track
Like that which slanted through young Jacob's sleep
From heaven to earth, and fluttered at the soul
Of Shadow's mighty Painter, who thence drew
Hints of a glory beyond shape, reveals
The clear-cut framework of the sea and downs
Shelving to gloom, as unperplexed with threads
Of pallid light, as when the summer's noon
Bathes them in sunshine; and the giant cliffs
Scarce veiling more their lines of flint that run
Like veins of moveless blue through their bleak sides,
In moonlight than in day, shall tower as now
(Save when some moss's slender stain shall break

Into the samphire's yellow in mid-air,
To tempt some trembling life), until the eyes
Which gaze in childhood on them shall be dim.
Yet deem not that these sober forms are all
That Nature here provides, although she frames
These in one lasting picture for the heart.
Within the foldings of the coast she breathes
Hues of fantastic beauty. Thread the gorge,
And, turning on the beach, while the low sea,
Spread out in mirrored gentleness, allows
A path along the curving edge, behold
Such dazzling glory of prismatic tints
Flung o'er the lofty crescent, as assures
The orient gardens where Aladdin plucked
Jewels for fruit no fable, — as if earth,
Provoked to emulate the rainbow's gauds
In lasting mould, had snatched its floating hues
And fixed them here; for never o'er the bay
Flew a celestial arch of brighter grace
Than the gay coast exhibits; here the cliff
Flaunts in a brighter yellow than the stream
Of Tiber wafted; then with softer shades
Declines to pearly white, which blushes soon
With pink as delicate as Autumn's rose
Wears on its scattering leaves; anon the shore
Recedes into a fane-like dell, where stained
With black, as if with sable tapestry hung,
Light pinnacles rise taper; further yet
Swells out in solemn mass a dusky veil
Of purple crimson, — while bright streaks of red
Start out in gleam-like tint, to tell of veins

Which the slow-winning sea, in distant times,
Shall bare to unborn gazers.
If this scene
Grow too fantastic for thy pensive thought,
Climb either swelling down, and gaze with joy
On the blue ocean, poured around the heights,
As it embraced the wonders of that shield
Which the vowed Friend of slain Patroclus wore,
To grace his fated valor; nor disdain
The quiet of the vale, though not endowed
With such luxurious beauty as the coast
Of Undercliff embosoms; — mid those lines
Of scanty foliage, thoughtful lanes and paths,
And cottage roofs, find shelter; the blue stream,
That with its brief vein almost threads the isle,
Flows blest with two gray towers, beneath whose shade
The village life sleeps trustfully, — whose rites
Touch the old weather-hardened fisher's heart
With childlike softness, and shall teach the boy
Who kneels, a sturdy grandson, at his side,
When his frail boat amidst the breakers pants,
To cast the anchor of a Christian hope
In an unrippled haven. Then rejoice,
That in remotest point of this sweet isle,
Which with fond mimicry combines each shape
Of the Great Land that, by the ancient bond
(Sea-parted once, and sea-united now),
Binds her in unity, — a Spirit breathes
On cliff and tower and valley, by the side
Of cottage-fire, and the low grass-grown grave,
Of home on English earth, and home in heaven!

Thomas Noon Talfourd.

Amesbury.

GUINEVERE.

QUEEN GUINEVERE had fled the court, and sat
There in the holy house at Almesbury
Weeping, none with her save a little maid,
A novice: one low light betwixt them burned
Blurred by the creeping mist, for all abroad,
Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,
The white mist like a face-cloth to the face
Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still.

* * * * *

"You know me, then, that wicked one, who broke
The vast design and purpose of the King.
O shut me round with narrowing nunnery-walls,
Meek maidens, from the voices crying 'Shame.'
I must not scorn myself: he loves me still.
Let no one dream but that he loves me still.
So let me, if you do not shudder at me
Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with you,
Wear black and white, and be a nun like you,
Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your feasts,
Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at your joys,
But not rejoicing; mingle with your rites;
Pray and be prayed for, lie before your shrines,
Do each low office of your holy house,
Walk your dim cloister, and distribute dole

To poor sick people, richer in His eyes
Who ransomed us, and haler too than I,
And treat their loathsome hurts and heal mine own,
And so wear out in almsdeed and in prayer
The sombre close of that voluptuous day,
Which wrought the ruin of my lord the King."

She said: they took her to themselves; and she
Still hoping, fearing, "Is it yet too late?"
Dwelt with them, till in time their Abbess died,
Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life,
And for the power of ministration in her,
And likewise for the high rank she had borne,
Was chosen Abbess, there, an Abbess, lived
For three brief years, and there, an Abbess, past
To where beyond these voices there is peace.

Alfred Tennyson.

Ampton.

WRITTEN AT AMPTON, SUFFOLK.

WELCOME, stern Winter, though thy brows are bound
With no fresh flowers, and ditties none thou hast
But the wild music of the sweeping blast;
Welcome this chilly wind that snatches round

The brown leaves in quaint eddies; we have long
Panted in wearying heat; skies always bright,
And dull return of never-clouded light,
Sort not with hearts that gather food for song.
Rather, dear Winter, I would forth with thee,
Watching thee disattire the earth; and roam
On the bleak heaths that stretch about my home,
Till round the flat horizon I can see
The purple frost-belt; then to fireside-chair,
And sweetest labor of poetic care.

Henry Alford.

WRITTEN AT AMPTON, SUFFOLK, JANUARY, 1838.

ONCE more I stray among this wilderness
Of ancient trees, and through the rustling fern,
Golden and sere, brush forward; at each turn
Meeting fresh avenues in winter dress
Of long gray moss, or yellow lichen bright;
While the long lines of intercepted shade,
Spread into distance through the turfy glade,
Checkered with rosy paths of evening light.
Here first I learned to tune my youthful thoughts
To themes of blessed import: woods and sky,
And waters, as they rushed or slumbered by,
For my poetic soul refreshment brought;
And now within me rise, unbidden long,
Fresh springs of life, fresh themes of earnest song.

Henry Alford.

Arun, the River.

TO THE RIVER ARUN.

BE the proud Thames of trade the busy mart;
Arun, to thee will other praise belong:
Dear to the lover's and the mourner's heart,
And ever sacred to the sons of song.
Thy banks romantic hopeless Love shall seek,
Where o'er the rocks the mantling bind-weed flaunts;
And Sorrow's drooping form and faded cheek
Choose on thy willowed shore her lonely haunts.
Banks, which inspired thy Otway's plaintive strain!
Wilds, whose lorn echoes learned the deeper tone
Of Collins, powerful shade! yet once again
Another poet, Hayley, is thine own.
Thy classic stream again shall hear a lay
Bright as its waves and various as its way.

Charlotte Smith.

TO THE RIVER ARUN.

ON thy wild banks, by frequent torrents worn,
No glittering fanes or marble domes appear:
Yet shall the weeping muse thy course adorn,
And still to her thy rustic waves be dear.
For with the infant Otway lingering here
Of early woes she bade her votary dream,

While thy low murmurs soothed his pensive ear;
And still the poet consecrates the stream.
Beneath the oak and birch that fringe thy side,
The first-born violets of the year shall spring;
And in thy hazels, bending o'er the tide,
The earliest nightingales delight to sing:
While kindred spirits pitying shall relate
Thy Otway's sorrows, and lament his fate.

Charlotte Smith.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE ARUN.

WHEN latest autumn spreads her evening veil,
And the gray mists from these dim waves arise,
I love to listen to the hollow sighs
Through the half leafless wood that breathes the gale.
For at such hours the shadowy phantom pale,
Oft seems to fleet before the poet's eyes;
Strange sounds are heard, and mournful melodies
As of night-wanderers who their woes bewail.
Here by his native stream, at such an hour,
Pity's own Otway I methinks could meet
And hear his deep sighs swell the saddened wind!
O Melancholy, such thy magic power
That to the soul these dreams are often sweet
And soothe the pensive visionary mind.

Charlotte Smith.

Avon, the River (Upper).

TO THE AVON.

FLOW on, sweet river! like his verse
Who lies beneath this marble hearse,
Nor wait beside the churchyard wall
For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once; — I see him now
A boy with sunshine on his brow,
And hear in Stratford's quiet street
The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge
Wading knee-deep amid the sedge;
And lost in thought, as if thy stream
Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows;
And fain would follow where it goes,
To the wide world, that shall erelong
Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream! That dream is o'er;
He stands upon another shore;
A vaster river near him flows,
And still he follows where it goes.

Anonymous.

THE AVON.

THE Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea,
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
Wide as the waters be.

Anonymous.

Avon, the River (Lower).

THE EBB-TIDE.

SLOWLY thy flowing tide
Came in, old Avon! Scarcely did mine eyes,
As watchfully I roamed thy greenwood-side,
Perceive its gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong
The laboring boatmen upward plied their oars;
Yet little way they made, though laboring long
Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide
The unlabored boat falls rapidly along;
The solitary helmsman sits to guide,
And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks, that lay
So silent late, the shallow current roars;

Fast flow thy waters on their seaward way,
Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon! I gaze, and know
The lesson emblemed in thy varying way:
It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,
So rapidly decay.

Kingdoms which long have stood,
And slow to strength and power attained at last,
Thus from the summit of high Fortune's flood
They ebb to ruin fast.

Thus like thy flow appears
Time's tardy course to manhood's envied stage;
Alas! how hurryingly the ebbing years
Then hasten to old age!

Robert Southey.

FOR A CAVERN THAT OVERLOOKS THE RIVER AVON.

ENTER this cavern, Stranger! Here, awhile
Respiring from the long and steep ascent,
Thou mayst be glad of rest, and haply too
Of shade, if from the summer's westering sun
Sheltered beneath this beetling vault of rock.
Round the rude portal clasping its rough arms,
The antique ivy spreads a canopy,
From whose gray blossoms the wild bees collect
In autumn their last store. The Muses love
This spot; believe a Poet who hath felt

Their visitation here. The tide below,
Rising or refluent, scarcely sends its sound
Of waters up; and from the heights beyond,
Where the high-hanging forest waves and sways,
Varying before the wind its verdant hues,
The voice is music here. Here thou mayst feel
How good, how lovely, Nature! And when, hence
Returning to the city's crowded streets,
Thy sickening eye at every step revolts
From scenes of vice and wretchedness, reflect
That Man creates the evil he endures.

Robert Southey.

Bala-sala.

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

BROKEN in fortune, but in mind entire
And sound in principle, I seek repose
Where ancient trees this convent-pile enclose,
In ruin beautiful. When vain desire
Intrudes on peace, I pray the Eternal Sire
To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,
A gray-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee;
A shade, — but with some sparks of heavenly fire
Once to these cells vouchsafed. And when I note

The old Tower's brow yellowed as with the beams
Of sunset ever there, albeit streams
Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,
I thank the silent monitor, and say,
"Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day!"

William Wordsworth.

Bamborough.

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

YE holy towers that shade the wave-worn steep,
Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
Though, hurrying silent by, relentless Time
Assail you, and the winds of winter sweep
Round your dark battlements; for far from halls
Of Pride, here Charity hath fixed her seat,
Oft listening, tearful, when the tempests beat
With hollow bodings round your ancient walls;
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry;
Blessed if her aid some fainting wretch may save,
And snatch him cold and speechless from the wave.

William Lisle Bowles.

Banwell Hill.

BANWELL HILL.

HERE let me stand, and gaze upon the scene;
That headland, and those winding sands, and mark
The morning sunshine, on that very shore
Where once a child I wandered. O, return
(I sigh), return a moment, days of youth,
Of childhood, — O, return! How vain the thought,
Vain as unmanly! yet the pensive Muse,
Unblamed may dally with imaginings;
For this wide view is like the scene of life,
Once traversed o'er with carelessness and glee,
And we look back upon the vale of years,
And hear remembered voices, and behold,
In blended colors, images and shades
Long passed, now rising, as at Memory's call,
Again in softer light.
I see thee not,
Home of my infancy, — I see thee not,
Thou fane that standest on the hill alone,
The homeward sailor's sea-mark; but I view
Brean Down beyond; and there thy winding sands,
Weston; and far away, one wandering ship,
Where stretches into mist the Severn Sea.
There, mingled with the clouds, old Cambria draws
Its stealing line of mountains lost in haze;
There in mid-channel sit the sister-holms,

Secure and tranquil, though the tide's vast sweep,
As it rides by, might almost seem to rive
The deep foundations of the earth again,
Threatening, as once, resistless, to ascend
In tempest to this height, to bury here
Fresh-weltering carcasses!

William Lisle Bowles.

Barnard Castle.

BARNARD CASTLE.

THE Moon is in her summer glow,
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud;
On Barnard's towers and Tees's stream
She changes as a guilty dream,
When Conscience with remorse and fear
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.
Her light seems now the blush of shame,
Seems now fierce anger's darker flame,
Shifting that shade, to come and go,
Like apprehension's hurried glow;
Then sorrow's livery dims the air,
And dies in darkness, like despair.
Such varied hues the warder sees
Reflected from the woodland Tees,

Then from old Baliol's tower looks forth,
Sees the clouds mustering in the north,
Hears upon turret-roof and wall
By fits the plashing rain-drop fall,
Lists to the breeze's boding sound,
And wraps his shaggy mantle round.

* * * * *

Far in the chambers of the west,
The gale had sighed itself to rest;
The moon was cloudless now and clear,
But pale, and soon to disappear.
The thin gray clouds wax dimly light
On Brusleton and Houghton height;
And the rich dale, that eastward lay,
Waited the wakening touch of day,
To give its woods and cultured plain,
And towers and spires, to light again.
But, westward, Stanmore's shapeless swell,
And Lunedale wild, and Kelton-fell,
And rock-begirdled Gilmanscar,
And Arkingarth, lay dark afar;
While, as a livelier twilight falls,
Emerge proud Barnard's bannered walls.
High crowned he sits, in dawning pale,
The sovereign of the lovely vale.

What prospects, from his watchtower high,
Gleam gradual on the warder's eye! —
Far sweeping to the east, he sees
Down his deep woods the course of Tees,

And tracks his wanderings by the steam
Of summer vapors from the stream;
And ere he pace his destined hour
By Brackenbury's dungeon-tower,
These silver mists shall melt away,
And dew the woods with glittering spray.
Then in broad lustre shall be shown
That mighty trench of living stone,
And each huge trunk that, from the side,
Reclines him o'er the darksome tide,
Where Tees, full many a fathom low,
Wears with his rage no common foe;
For pebbly bank, nor sand-bed here,
Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career,
Condemned to mine a channelled way
O'er solid sheets of marble gray.

Nor Tees alone, in dawning bright,
Shall rush upon the ravished sight;
But many a tributary stream
Each from its own dark dell shall gleam:
Staindrop, who, from her sylvan bowers,
Salutes proud Raby's battled towers;
The rural brook of Egliston,
And Balder, named from Odin's son:
And Greta, to whose banks erelong
We lead the lovers of the song;
And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,
And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,
And last and least, but loveliest still,
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.

Who in that dim-wood glen hath strayed,
Yet longed for Roslin's magic glade?
Who, wandering there, hath sought to change
Even for that vale so stern and strange,
Where Cartland's Crags, fantastic rent,
Through her green copse like spires are sent?
Yet, Albin, yet the praise be thine,
Thy scenes and story to combine!
Thou bid'st him who by Roslin strays
List to the deeds of other days;
Mid Cartland's Crags thou show'st the cave,
The refuge of thy champion brave;
Giving each rock its storied tale,
Pouring a lay for every dale,
Knitting, as with a moral band,
Thy native legends with thy land,
To lend each scene the interest high
Which genius beams from Beauty's eye.

Walter Scott.

Beachy Head.

BEACHY HEAD.

Haunts of my youth!
Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet!
Where 't was so pleasant by thy northern slopes,
To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft

By scattered thorns, whose spiny branches bore
Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vagrant lamb,
There seeking shelter from the noonday sun;
And pleasant, seated on the short soft turf,
To look beneath upon the hollow way,
While heavily upward moved the laboring wain,
And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind,
To ease his panting team, stopped with a stone
The grating wheel.

Advancing higher still,
The prospect widens, and the village church
But little o'er the lowly roofs around
Rears its gray belfry, and its simple vane;
Those lowly roofs of thatch are half-concealed
By the rude arms of trees, lovely in spring;
When on each bough the rosy-tinctured bloom
Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
Which, as their owners mark the promised fruit,
Console them, for the vineyards of the South
Surpass not these.

Where woods of ash and beach,
And partial copses fringe the green hill-foot,
The upland shepherd rears his modest home;
There wanders by a little nameless stream
That from the hill wells forth, bright now and clear,
Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,
But still refreshing in its shallow course
The cottage garden, most for use designed,
Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
Mantles the little casement; yet the brier

Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
And pansies rayed, and freaked and mottled pinks,
Grow among balm and rosemary and rue.
There honeysuckles flaunt and roses blow
Almost uncultured; some with dark green leaves
Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white;
Others, like velvet robes of regal state
Of richest crimson; while, in thorny moss
Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely wear
The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.
With fond regret I recollect e'en now
In spring and summer, what delight I felt
Among these cottage gardens, and how much
Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
Were welcome to me, soon and simply pleased.
An early worshipper at Nature's shrine,
I loved her rudest scenes, — warrens and heaths,
And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
And hedge-rows bordering unfrequented lanes,
Bowered with wild roses and the clasping woodbine.

Charlotte Smith.

Beccles.

BECCLES.

FORTH rode Orlando by a river's side,
Inland and winding, smooth, and full and wide,
That rolled majestic on, in one soft flowing tide;
The bottom gravel, flowery were the banks,
Tall willows, waving in their broken ranks;
The road, now near, now distant, winding led
By lovely meadows which the waters fed;
He passed the wayside inn, the village spire,
Nor stopped to gaze, to question, or admire;
On either side the rural mansions stood,
With hedge-row trees, and hills high-crowned with wood,
And many a devious stream that reached the nobler flood.

George Crabbe.

Bedfont.

THE TWO PEACOCKS OF BEDFONT.

ALAS! that breathing Vanity should go
Where Pride is buried, — like its very ghost,
Uprisen from the naked bones below,
In novel flesh, clad in the silent boast

Of gaudy silk that flutters to and fro,
  Shedding its chilling superstition most
On young and ignorant natures, as it wont
To haunt the peaceful churchyard of Bedfont!

Each Sabbath morning, at the hour of prayer,
  Behold two maidens, up the quiet green
Shining, far distant, in the summer air
  That flaunts their dewy robes and breathes between
Their downy plumes, — sailing as if they were
  Two far-off ships, — until they brush between
The churchyard's humble walls, and watch and wait
On either side of the wide opened gate.

And there they stand — with haughty necks before
  God's holy house, that points towards the skies —
Frowning reluctant duty from the poor,
  And tempting homage from unthoughtful eyes:
And Youth looks lingering from the temple door,
  Breathing its wishes in unfruitful sighs,
With pouting lips, — forgetful of the grace,
Of health, and smiles, on the heart-conscious face; —

Because that Wealth, which has no bliss beside,
  May wear the happiness of rich attire;
And those two sisters, in their silly pride,
  May change the soul's warm glances for the fire
Of lifeless diamonds; — and for health denied, —
  With art, that blushes at itself, inspire
Their languid cheeks, — and flourish in a glory
That has no life in life, nor after-story.

The aged priest goes shaking his gray hair
In meekest censuring, and turns his eye
Earthward in grief, and heavenward in prayer,
And sighs, and clasps his hands, and passes by.
Good-hearted man! what sullen soul would wear
Thy sorrow for a garb, and constantly
Put on thy censure, that might win the praise
Of one so gray in goodness and in days?

Also the solemn clerk partakes the shame
Of this ungodly shine of human pride,
And sadly blends his reverence and blame
In one grave bow, and passes with a stride
Impatient: — many a red-hooded dame
Turns her pained head, but not her glance, aside
From wanton dress, and marvels o'er again,
That heaven hath no wet judgments for the vain.

* * * * *

The aged priest goes on each Sabbath morn,
But shakes not sorrow under his gray hair;
The solemn clerk goes lavendered and shorn,
Nor stoops his back to the ungodly pair; —
And ancient lips that puckered up in scorn,
Go smoothly breathing to the house of prayer;
And in the garden-plot, from day to day,
The lily blooms its long white life away.

And where two haughty maidens used to be,
In pride of plume, where plumy Death had trod,
Trailing their gorgeous velvets wantonly,

Most unmeet pall, over the holy sod; —
There, gentle stranger, thou may'st only see
Two sombre Peacocks. — Age, with sapient nod
Marking the spot, still tarries to declare
How they once lived, and wherefore they are there.

Thomas Hood.

Belvoir Castle.

BELVOIR CASTLE.

WHEN native Britons British lands possessed,
Their glory freedom, and their blessing rest,
A powerful chief this lofty seat surveyed,
And here his mansion's strong foundation laid:
In his own ground the massy stone he sought,
From his own woods the rugged timbers brought;
Rudeness and greatness in his work combined, —
An humble taste with an aspiring mind.
His herds the vale, his flocks the hills, o'erspread;
Warriors and vassals at his table fed;
Sons, kindred, servants, waited on his will,
And hailed his mansion on the mighty hill.

In a new age a Saxon lord appeared,
And on the lofty base his dwelling reared:
Then first the grand but threatening form was known,
And to the subject vale a castle shown,
Where strength alone appeared, — the gloomy wall

Enclosed the dark recess, the frowning hall;
In chilling rooms the sullen fagot gleamed;
On the rude board the common banquet steamed;
Astonished peasants feared the dreadful skill
That placed such wonders on their favorite hill:
The soldier praised it as he marched around,
And the dark building o'er the valley frowned.

A Norman baron, in succeeding times,
Here, while the minstrel sang heroic rhymes,
In feudal pomp appeared. It was his praise
A loftier dome with happier skill to raise;
His halls, still gloomy, yet with grandeur rose;
Here friends were feasted, here confined were foes.
In distant chambers, with her female train,
Dwelt the fair partner of his awful reign:
Curbed by no laws, his vassal tribe he swayed, —
The lord commanded and the slave obeyed:
No softening arts in those fierce times were found,
But rival barons spread their terrors round;
Each, in the fortress of his power secure,
Of foes was fearless and of soldiers sure;
And here the chieftain, for his prowess praised,
Long held the castle that his might had raised.

Came gentler times; — the barons ceased to strive
With kingly power, yet felt their pomp survive;
Impelled by softening arts, by honor charmed,
Fair ladies studied and brave heroes armed.
The Lord of Belvoir then his castle viewed,
Strong without form, and dignified but rude;

The dark long passage, and the chambers small,
Recess and secret hold, he banished all,
Took the rude gloom and terror from the place,
And bade it shine with majesty and grace.

Then arras first o'er rugged walls appeared,
Bright lamps at eve the vast apartment cheered;
In each superior room were polished floors,
Tall ponderous beds, and vast cathedral doors:
All was improved within, and then below
Fruits of the hardier climes were taught to grow;
The silver flagon on the table stood,
And to the vassal left the horn and wood.
Dressed in his liveries, of his honors vain,
Came at the baron's call a menial train;
Proud of their arms, his strength and their delight;
Loud in the feast and fearless in the fight.

George Crabbe.

Benallay.

ANNOT OF BENALLAY.

AT lone midnight the death-bell tolled,
To summon Annot's clay:
For common eyes must not behold
The griefs of Benallay.

Meek daughter of a haughty line,
Was Lady Annot born:

That light which was not long to shine,
The sun that set at morn.

They shrouded her in maiden white,
They buried her in pall;
And the ring he gave her faith to plight
Shines on her finger small.

The curate reads the dead man's prayer
The silent leech stands by:
The sob of voiceless love is there,
And sorrow's vacant eye.

'T is over. Two and two they tread
The churchyard's homeward way:
Farewell! farewell! thou lovely dead:
Thou Flower of Benallay.

The sexton stalks with tottering limb
Along the chancel floor:
He waits, that old man gray and grim,
To close the narrow door.

"Shame! shame! these rings of stones and gold!"
The ghastly caitiff said;
"Better that living hands should hold,
Than glisten on the dead."

The evil wish wrought evil deed,
The pall is rent away:

And lo! beneath the shattered lid,
The Flower of Benallay.

But life gleams from those opening eyes,
Blood thrills that lifted hand:
And awful words are in her cries,
Which none may understand.

Joy! 't is the miracle of yore,
Of the city calléd Nain: —
Lo! glad feet throng the sculptured floor,
To hail their dead again.

Joy in the hall of Benallay,
A stately feast is spread:
Lord Harold is the bridegroom gay,
The bride the arisen dead.

Robert Stephen Hawker.

Benhall.

BENHALL.

BENHALL! although I have not lately sought,
As I had purposed, thy delightful shades,
Their charms survive; and oft by memory's aids,
In living beauty are before me brought.
No breeze that sweeps their flowers with perfume fraught;

Nor sun, nor moon-beam, whose soft light pervades
The coy recesses of thy loveliest glades,
Sweeter, or fairer, than thou art to thought!
Yet not thy scenery only thus endears
Thy memory, — deeper spell remains behind:
Rich art thou in the lore of long-past years,
The songs of bards, whose brows by fame are twined
With deathless bays; and, worthy such compeers,
A poet of thy own, of taste refined.

Bernard Barton.

Berkhamstead.

BERKHAMSTEAD.

WHERE once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bawble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'T is now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,

That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here.

William Cowper.

Binstead.

WRITTEN IN THE PORCH OF BINSTEAD CHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT.

FAREWELL, sweet Binstead! take a fond farewell
From one unused to sight of woods and seas.
Amid the strife of cities doomed to dwell,
Yet roused to ecstasy by scenes like these,
Who could forever sit beneath thy trees,
Inhaling fragrance from the flowery dell;
Or, listening to the murmur of the breeze,
Gaze with delight on Ocean's awful swell.

Again farewell! nor deem that I profane
Thy sacred porch; for while the Sabbath strain
May fail to turn the sinner from his ways,
These are impressions none can feel in vain, —
These are the wonders that perforce must raise
The soul to God, in reverential praise.

Horace Smith.

Bishopstone.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

WHILE poring antiquarians search the ground
Upturned with curious pains, the bard, a seer,
Takes fire, — the men that have been reappear;
Romans for travel girt, for business gowned;
And some recline on couches, myrtle-crowned,
In festal glee: why not? For fresh and clear,
As if its hues were of the passing year,
Dawns this time-buried pavement. From that mound
Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maximins,
Shrunk into coins with all their warlike toil;
Or a fierce impress issues with its foil
Of tenderness, — the wolf, whose suckling twins
The unlettered ploughboy pities when he wins
The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

William Wordsworth.

Black Comb.

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF BLACK COMB.

THIS height a ministering angel might select:
For from the summit of Black Comb (dread name
Derived from clouds and storms!) the amplest range
Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
That British ground commands: — low dusky tracts,
Where Trent is nursed, far southward! Cambrian hills
To the southwest, a multitudinous show;
And, in a line of eyesight linked with these,
The hoary peaks of Scotland that give birth
To Teviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed, and Clyde: —
Crowding the quarter whence the sun comes forth,
Gigantic mountains rough with crags; beneath,
Right at the imperial station's western base,
Main ocean, breaking audibly, and stretched
Far into silent regions blue and pale; —
And visibly engirding Mona's Isle,
That, as we left the plain, before our sight
Stood like a lofty mount, uplifting slowly
(Above the convex of the watery globe)
Into clear view the cultured fields that streak
Her habitable shores, but now appears
A dwindled object, and submits to lie
At the spectator's feet. — Yon azure ridge,
Is it a perishable cloud? or there
Do we behold the line of Erin's coast?
Land sometimes by the roving shepherd-swain

(Like the bright confines of another world)
Not doubtfully perceived. — Look homeward now!
In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene
The spectacle, how pure! — Of Nature's works,
In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,
A revelation infinite it seems;
Display august of man's inheritance,
Of Britain's calm felicity and power!

William Wordsworth.

Bodiham.

ON BEHOLDING BODIHAM CASTLE,

ON THE BANK OF THE ROTHER IN SUSSEX.

O THOU, brave ruin of the passéd time,
When glorious spirits shone in burning arms,
And the brave trumpet, with its sweet alarms,
Called honor at the matin hour sublime,
And the gray evening; thou hast had thy prime,
And thy full vigor, and the sating harms
Of age have robbed thee of thy warlike charms,
And placed thee here, an image in my rhyme;
The owl now haunts thee, and, oblivious plant,
The creeping ivy, has o'er-veiled thy towers;
And Rother, looking up with eye askant,
Recalling to his mind thy brighter hours,
Laments the time, when, fair and elegant,
Beauty first laughed from out thy joyous bowers!

Lord Thurlow.

Bodmin.

THE UNGRACIOUS RETURN.

I HAVE a startling tale to tell
Of what in Bodmin town befell
In the distant time long, long ago,
When every man was his neighbor's foe,
And lords like tigers prowled the land,
Each with his own well-chosen band,
To do his work of savagery;
When princes fought for sovereignty;
Who loyal was to-day to-morrow
Might be called traitor, to his sorrow.

In Edward's time, at Bodmin town
When sturdy Boyer wore the gown,
The Royal provost wrote a line
He on a day with him would dine,
And begged he would meanwhile prepare
A gibbet for some stout rebels there.
The mayor obeyed him to the letter,
Thinking the strongest side the better;
And, to meet the great man, at the gate
His worship stood in all his state.

And then into the common hall
Mayor, provost, aldermen, burghers all
Went with a rush and made good cheer,
With beef and venison, wine and beer;
And many a loyal toast was given,

And fear and doubt away were driven
With bumpers full and foaming high:
Yet wicked looked the provost's eye,
But he laughed, and did not spare the sherry,
While the mayor and aldermen were merry.

But while they feast within, without
Hammers were heard, and then a shout
Told that the gibbet was finished then.
Forth came the mayor and aldermen,
And burghers all, and the provost stern,
Who had set his mind to make return
To the mayor for his hospitality;
And how 't was done you soon will see,
For on the gibbet, at his own door,
His worship swung in a moment more!

Henry Sewell Stokes.

Bodrigan Castle.

BODRIGAN'S LEAP.

FROM Bosworth's gory field where lay
His king a mangled corse,
With many a dint Sir Harry came,
And spurred his blood-stained horse;
Which all that day in that fierce fray
Had borne him proudly through,
But still for leagues must carry him,
Since fast the foes pursue.

From night to dawn they still went on,
With followers few and faint;
Resting brief while in forest drear
By well of some old saint:
On, on from day to day they fared,
Shunning each bower and hall,
Until they sight one starry night
Bodrigan's castle wall.

The knight's shrill blast is answered fast,
And blithe the warder greets him;
And with a smile and with a kiss
His lady-love soon meets him:
And in that high embrasured tower
His war-worn limbs may rest;
For place like that for wealth and power
Was not in all the West.

And many a century it stood
To prove its ancient fame;
Though but some lowly walls now bear
Bodrigan's honored name.
Its princely hall, its bastions strong,
Its chapel turrets fair,
Are gone like cloud-built palaces,
And castles in the air.

Not long the respite: on his track
The Tudor bloodhounds follow;
Trevanion, Edgcumbe, with their pack
Creep through the woodland hollow:

And now they gather round the walls,
Nor care for Cornish kin;
Certain if they can seize the knight
His ample lands to win.

Ay, take the lands, but not the man!
He knows their purpose stern,
And not with his heart's blood that day
Shall they their wages earn.
Down by a secret way the knight
Has left his home for aye,
And for the cliff he makes that hangs
Over the Goran bay.

Fast, fast they spring upon his path,
He hears their footsteps nigh;
Bold from the cliff he leaps, while shrill
The baffled hunters cry.
In the dark sea they think him drowned,
As on the giddy steep
They stand and look, and only see
The waters wild and deep.

They looked and jeered, and made the shore
Ring with their savage shout;
And still they looked, perchance to see
His dead bones tossed about:
And then they saw a boat dash through
The surge, and as she went
The rescued knight above the roar
His parting curses sent.

Henry Sewell Stokes.

Bolton Abbey.

BOLTON PRIORY.

FROM Bolton's old monastic tower
The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
The sun shines bright; the fields are gay
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of crystal Wharf,
Through the vale retired and lowly,
Trooping to that summons holy.
And, up among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of blithe company!
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
That down the steep hills force their way
Like cattle through the budding brooms;
Path, or no path, what care they?
And thus in joyous mood they hie
To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What would they there? — full fifty years
That sumptuous pile, with all its peers,
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste
The bitterness of wrong and waste:
Its courts are ravaged; but the tower
Is standing with a voice of power, —
That ancient voice which wont to call
To mass or some high festival;

And in the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part, —
A chapel, like a wild-bird's nest,
Closely embowered and trimly drest;
And thither young and old repair,
This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

Fast the churchyard fills; anon,
Look again, and they all are gone, —
The cluster round the porch, and the folk
Who sat in the shade of the Prior's Oak!
And scarcely have they disappeared
Ere the prelusive hymn is heard:
With one consent the people rejoice,
Filling the church with a lofty voice!
They sing a service which they feel:
For 't is the sunrise now of zeal, —
Of a pure faith the vernal prime, —
In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within;
For though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
— When soft! — the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green
Where is no living thing to be seen, —
And through yon gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,

Free entrance to the churchyard ground, —
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary doe!
White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven,
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away, —
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
Lie quiet in your churchyard bed!
Ye living, tend your holy cares;
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
'T is a work for Sabbath hours
If I with this bright creature go:
Whether she be of forest bowers,
From the bowers of earth below;
Or a spirit for one day given,
A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this pile of state
Overthrown and desolate!

Now a step or two her way
Leads through space of open day,
Where the enamored sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall, —
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath;
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes, —
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

The presence of this wandering doe
Fills many a damp, obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show;
And, reappearing, she no less
Sheds on the flowers that round her blow
A more than sunny liveliness.
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform or boon to ask?
Fair pilgrim! harbors she a sense
Of sorrow or of reverence?
Can she be grieved for choir or shrine,

Crushed as if by wrath divine?
For what survives of house where God
Was worshipped, or where man abode;
For old magnificence undone,
Or for the gentler work begun
By Nature, softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing?
Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth,
That to the sapling ash gives birth;
For dormitory's length laid bare,
Where the wild rose blossoms fair;
Or altar, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament?
— She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone, —
A warrior, with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest,
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast;
As little she regards the sight
As a common creature might:
If she be doomed to inward care,
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
— But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves, — with pace how light!
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;
And thus she fares, until at last
Beside the ridge of grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down;
Gentle as a weary wave

Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
Against an anchored vessel's side;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

William Wordsworth.

BOLTON ABBEY.

ENTRANCED with varied loveliness, I gaze
On Bolton's hallowed fane. Its hoary walls,
More eloquent, in ruin, than the halls
Of princely pomp, their solemn features raise
Mid thick embowering elms. Meek cattle graze
The peaceful pastures circling it around;
Old Wharf flows sparkling by with pensive sound,
And heathery hills look down through purple haze.
All lend their aid to prompt these humble lays;
Some kind and soothing influence all have given, —
The mouldering abbey and the moss-grown grave,
The breezy moorland and the rock-nurst wave,
Cliff, meadow, forest, — all direct to heaven,
All blend their voices in one psalm of praise.

Newman Hall.

THE FORCE OF PRAYER;

OR, THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

A TRADITION.

"WHAT is good for a bootless bene?"
With these dark words begins my tale;
And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring
When prayer is of no avail?

"What is good for a bootless bene?"
The falconer to the lady said;
And she made answer, "Endless sorrow!"
For she knew that her son was dead.

She knew it by the falconer's words,
And from the look of the falconer's eye;
And from the love which was in her soul
For her youthful Romilly.

—Young Romilly through Barden woods
Is ranging high and low;
And holds a greyhound in a leash,
To let slip upon buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,
How tempting to bestride!
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

The striding-place is called the Strid,
A name which it took of yore:
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across the Strid?

He sprang in glee; for what cared he
That the river was strong and the rocks were steep?

But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force;
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
And long, unspeaking sorrow:
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of death:
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day
Which was to be to-morrow:
Her hope was a further-looking hope,
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave;
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately priory!"

The stately priory was reared;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at even-song.

And the lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief!
But slowly did her succor come,
And a patience to her grief.

O, there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of him to be our friend!

William Wordsworth.

Boston.

ST. BOTOLPH'S TOWN.

BOSTON in Lincolnshire takes its name from its founder, St. Botolph, who flourished about the middle of the seventh century. At present the chief glory of the town is its church-tower, built after the model of that of Antwerp Cathedral, and renowned as one of the most beautiful in England.

ST. Botolph's Town! — Hither across the plains
And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb austere,
There came a Saxon monk, and founded here
A priory, pillaged by marauding Danes,

So that thereof no vestige now remains;
Only a name, that spoken loud and clear,
And echoed in another hemisphere,
Survives the sculptured walls and painted panes.
St. Botolph's Town! — Far over leagues of land
And leagues of sea looks forth its noble tower,
And far around the chiming bells are heard;
So may that sacred name forever stand
A landmark, and a symbol of the power
That lies concentred in a single word.

Anonymous.

BOSTON IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

IT is not for what you are or do,
Or for any treasures rare,
That I turn my steps and heart to you,
But for the name you bear.

Ancestral name! that must cross the sea
Its farthest fame to know,
And to other soil transplanted be,
That its proudest branch might grow.

It is not that your minster-pile
Looks proudly toward the deep, —
The loftiest tower of Britain's isle
In valley or on steep, —

But that beneath that lordly tower
A simple chapel stands,

Which binds with an atoning power
Two great and kindred lands.

In days long gone it caught the sound
Of Cotton's earnest tongue;
Now freshly is his memory found
His wonted haunts among.

Prelatic England drove him forth
Beyond the Western main;
Free-thoughted England owns his worth,
And bids him back again.

Back in the name the chapel wears, —
Proscribed and then forgot.
That tablet's face more than repairs
The honors of the spot.

For here from afar the inscription came
By our statesman-scholar sent,
Reading, "Lest longer such a name
Should stay in banishment."

The brazen plate, so simply grand,
Is framed in Norman stone;
The characters from English land,
The writer from our own.

Stand of forgotten feuds a sign,
And the world's brighter age!
Read on, long hence, thy filial line,
Thou quaintly graven page.

Say, that henceforth the soul's full thought
Need not in silence die;
Nor one true man, all conscience-fraught,
Must suffer or must fly.

Say, that two sovereign powers unite,
Each on her ocean shore,
To keep Faith, Friendship, Freedom bright,
From this time evermore.

Hail and farewell, St. Butolph's fane,
Seen in my thoughts so long!
They failed to span your broad domain,
And did your grandeur wrong.

Hail and farewell, St. Butolph's town!
How dear that parent name!
And no ill-favored brow I crown
With that auspicious claim.

Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham.

Bottreau.

THE SILENT TOWER OF BOTTREAU.

TINTADGEL bells ring o'er the tide,
The boy leans on his vessel side;
He hears that sound, and dreams of home
Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.

"Come to thy God in time!"
Thus saith their pealing chime:
Youth, manhood, old age past,
"Come to thy God at last."

But why are Bottreau's echoes still?
Her tower stands proudly on the hill;
Yet the strange chough that home hath found:
The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Should be her answering chime:
"Come to thy God at last!"
Should echo on the blast.

The ship rode down with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea:
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,
The merry Bottreau bells on board.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Rung out Tintadgel chime;
Youth, manhood, old age past,
"Come to thy God at last!"

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells;
"Thank God," with reverent brow he cried,
"We make the shore with evening's tide."
"Come to thy God in time!"
It was his marriage chime:
Youth, manhood, old age past,
His bell must ring at last.

"Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
But thank, at sea, the steersman's hand,"
The captain's voice above the gale:
"Thank the good ship and ready sail."
"Come to thy God in time!"
Sad grew the boding chime:
"Come to thy God at last!"
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Uprose that sea! as if it heard
The mighty Master's signal-word:
What thrills the captain's whitening lip?
The death-groans of his sinking ship.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Swung deep the funeral chime:
Grace, mercy, kindness past,
"Come to thy God at last!"

Long did the rescued pilot tell —
When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell,
While those around would hear and weep —
That fearful judgment of the deep.
"Come to thy God in time!"
He read his native chime:
Youth, manhood, old age past,
His bell rung out at last.

Still when the storm of Bottreau's waves
Is wakening in his weedy caves:
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep notes beneath the tide:

"Come to thy God in time!"
Thus saith the ocean chime:
Storm, billow, whirlwind past,
"Come to thy God at last!"

Robert Stephen Hawker.

Bramble-Rise.

BRAMBLE-RISE.

WHAT wonders greet my waking eyes
At last! Can this be Bramble-Rise,
Once smallest of its shire?
How changed, and changing from my dream;
The dumpy church used not to seem
So dumpy in the spire.

This village is no longer mine;
And though the inn has changed its sign,
The beer may not be stronger:
The river, dwindled by degrees,
Is now a brook, — the cottages
Are cottages no longer.

The thatch is slate, the plaster bricks,
The trees have cut their ancient sticks,
Or else the sticks are stunted:
I 'm sure these thistles once grew figs,

The geese were swans, and once the pigs
More musically grunted.

Where early reapers whistled shrill,
A whistle may be noted still,
The locomotive's ravings.
New custom newer want begets, —
I loved a bank for violets, —
I loathe a bank for savings.

That voice I have not heard for long!
So Patty still can sing the song
A merry playmate taught her;
I know the strain, but much suspect
'T is not the child I recollect,
But Patty, Patty's daughter;

And has she too outlived the spells
Of breezy hills and silent dells
Where childhood loved to ramble?
Then life was thornless to our ken,
And, Bramble-Rise, thy hills were then
A rise without a bramble.

* * * * *

Frederick Locker.

Bray.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

IN good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-churchman was I,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never missed:
Kings were by God appointed,
And lost are those who dare resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is the law that I 'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I 'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James possessed the crown,
And popery grew in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration;
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And I had been a Jesuit
But for the revolution.
And this is the law that I 'll maintain, etc.

When William was our king declared,
To ease the nation's grievance;

With this new wind about I steered,
  And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke,
  Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience a joke,
  A jest was non-resistance.
    And this is the law that I'll maintain, etc.

When royal Anne became our queen,
  The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
  And I became a Tory;
Occasional conformists base,
  I blamed their moderation,
And thought the church in danger was,
  By such prevarication.
    And this is the law that I'll maintain, etc.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
  And moderate men looked big, sir,
My principles I changed once more,
  And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procured
  From our new faith's defender;
And almost every day abjured
  The Pope and the Pretender.
    And this is the law that I'll maintain, etc.

The illustrious house of Hanover,
  And Protestant succession,

To these I do allegiance swear,
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty,
I nevermore will falter;
And George my lawful king shall be,
Until the times do alter.
And this is the law that I'll maintain, etc.

Anonymous.

Brereton.

THE VASSAL'S LAMENT FOR THE FALLEN TREE.

"Here [at Brereton in Cheshire] is one thing incredibly strange, but attested, as I myself have heard, by many persons and commonly believed. Before any heir of this family dies, there are seen, in a lake adjoining, the bodies of trees swimming on the water for several days." — CAMDEN'S *Britannia.*

YES! I have seen the ancient oak
On the dark deep water cast,
And it was not felled by the woodman's stroke,
Or the rush of the sweeping blast;
For the axe might never touch that tree,
And the air was still as a summer sea.

I saw it fall, as falls a chief
By an arrow in the fight,
And the old woods shook, to their loftiest leaf,
At the crashing of its might;
And the startled deer to their coverts drew,
And the spray of the lake as a fountain's flew!

'T is fallen! But think thou not I weep
For the forest's pride o'erthrown, —
An old man's tears lie far too deep
To be poured for this alone:
But by that sign too well I know
That a youthful head must soon be low!

A youthful head, with its shining hair,
And its bright quick-flashing eye;
Well may I weep! for the boy is fair,
Too fair a thing to die!
But on his brow the mark is set, —
O, could *my* life redeem him yet!

He bounded by me as I gazed
Alone on the fatal sign,
And it seemed like sunshine when he raised
His joyous glance to mine.
With a stag's fleet step he bounded by,
So full of life, — but he must die!

He must, he must! in that deep dell,
By that dark water's side,
'T is known that ne'er a proud tree fell
But an heir of his fathers died.
And he, — there 's laughter in his eye,
Joy in his voice, — yet he must die!

I 've borne him in these arms, that now
Are nerveless and unstrung;
And must I see, on that fair brow,
The dust untimely flung?

I must! — yon green oak, branch and crest,
Lies floating on the dark lake's breast!

The noble boy! — how proudly sprung
The falcon from his hand!
It seemed like youth to see *him* young,
A flower in his father's land!
But the hour of the knell and the dirge is nigh,
For the tree hath fallen, and the flower must die.

Say not 't is vain! I tell thee, some
Are warned by a meteor's light,
Or a pale bird, flitting, calls them home,
Or a voice on the winds by night;
And they must go! And he too, he!
Woe for the fall of the glorious tree!

Felicia Hemans.

Brigham.

NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

THE cattle, crowding round this beverage clear
To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod
The encircling turf into a barren clod,
Through which the waters creep, then disappear,
Born to be lost in Derwent, flowing near;
Yet o'er the brink, and round the limestone cell
Of the pure spring, (they call it the "Nun's Well,"

Name that first struck by chance my startled ear,)
A tender spirit broods, — the pensive shade
Of ritual honors to this fountain paid
By hooded votaresses with saintly cheer;
Albeit oft the Virgin-Mother mild
Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled
Into the shedding of "too soft a tear."

William Wordsworth.

Brignall.

BRIGNALL BANKS.

O, BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily, —
"O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green:
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen."

"If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,

Thou first must guess what life we lead,
That dwell by dale and down?
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May." —
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen. —

"I read you, by your bugle-horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king's greenwood." —
"A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 't is at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night." —
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnished brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum." —
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

And O, though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May!

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die;
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.
Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen."

Sir Walter Scott.

Bristol.

BRISTOL.

How proud,
Opposed to Walton's silent towers, how proud,
With all her spires and fanes and volumed smoke,
Trailing in columns to the midday sun,
Black, or pale blue, above the cloudy haze,
And the great stir of commerce, and the noise

Of passing and repassing wains, and cars,
And sledges grating in their underpath,
And trade's deep murmur, and a street of masts
And pennants from all nations of the earth,
Streaming below the houses, piled aloft,
Hill above hill; and every road below
Gloomy with troops of coal-nymphs, seated high
On their rough pads, in dingy dust serene; —
How proudly amid sights and sounds like these,
Bristol, through all whose smoke, dark and aloof,
Stands Redcliff's solemn fane, — how proudly girt
With villages, and Clifton's airy rocks,
Bristol, the mistress of the Severn sea, —
Bristol, amid her merchant palaces,
That ancient city, sits!

William Lisle Bowles.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON, IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear;
Take that best gift which heaven so lately gave;
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bowed to taste the wave,
And died! Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine:
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;

And if so fair, from vanity as free;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, though 't is an awful thing to die
('T was even to thee,) yet, the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

William Mason.

Brixham.

THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM.

YOU see the gentle water,
How silently it floats,
How cautiously, how steadily
It moves the sleepy boats;
And all the little loops of pearl
It strews along the sand
Steal out as leisurely as leaves,
When summer is at hand.

But you know it can be angry,
And thunder from its rest,
When the stormy taunts of winter
Are flying at its breast;
And if you like to listen,
And draw your chairs around,
I 'll tell you what it did one night,
When you were sleeping sound.

The merry boats of Brixham
Go out to search the seas, —
A stanch and sturdy fleet are they,
Who love a swinging breeze;
And before the woods of Devon,
And the silver cliffs of Wales,
You may see when summer evenings fall,
The light upon their sails.

But when the year grows darker,
And gray winds hunt the foam,
They go back to little Brixham,
And ply their toils at home.
And thus it chanced one winter's day,
When a storm began to roar,
That all the men were out at sea,
And all the wives on shore.

Then as the wind grew fiercer,
The women's cheeks grew white, —
It was fiercer in the twilight,
And fiercest in the night.
The strong clouds set themselves like ice,
Without a star to melt;
The blackness of the darkness
Was something to be felt.

The storm, like an assassin,
Went on its secret way,
And struck a hundred boats adrift
To reel about the bay.

They meet, they crash, — God keep the men!
God give a moment's light!
There is nothing but the tumult,
And the tempest and the night.

The men on shore were anxious, —
They grieved for what they knew:
What do you think the women did?
Love taught them what to do!
Outspoke a wife: "We 've beds at home,
We 'll burn them for a light!
Give us the men and the bare ground!
We want no more to-night."

They took the grandame's blanket,
Who shivered and bade them go;
They took the baby's pillow,
Who could not say them no;
And they heaped a great fire on the pier,
And knew not all the while
If they were heaping a bonfire,
Or only a funeral pile.

And, fed with precious food, the flame
Shone bravely on the black,
Till a cry rang through the people, —
"A boat is coming back!"
Staggering dimly through the fog,
They see and then they doubt;
But, when the first prow strikes the pier,
Cannot you hear them shout?

Then all along the breadth of flame
Dark figures shrieked and ran,
With, "Child, here comes your father!"
Or, "Wife, is this your man?"
And faint feet touch the welcome shore,
And stay a little while;
And kisses drop from frozen lips,
Too tired to speak or smile.

So, one by one, they struggled in,
All that the sea would spare:
We will not reckon through our tears
The names that were not there;
But some went home without a bed,
When all the tale was told,
Who were too cold with sorrow
To know the night was cold.

And this is what the men must do,
Who work in wind and foam;
And this is what the women bear,
Who watch for them at home.
So when you see a Brixham boat
Go out to face the gales,
Think of the love that travels
Like light upon her sails.

M. B. S.

Brockley Coomb.

LINES

COMPOSED WHILE CLIMBING THE LEFT ASCENT OF BROCKLEY COOMB, SOMERSETSHIRE, MAY, 1795.

WITH many a pause and oft-reverted eye
I climb the Coomb's ascent; sweet songsters near
Warble in shade their wildwood melody;
Far off the unvarying cuckoo soothes my ear.
Up scour the startling stragglers of the flock
That on green plots o'er precipices browse;
From the deep fissures of the naked rock
The yew-tree bursts! Beneath its dark-green boughs
(Mid which the May-thorn blends its blossoms white)
Where broad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats,
I rest; — and now have gained the topmost site.
Ah! what a luxury of landscape meets
My gaze! Proud towers, and cots more dear to me,
Elm-shadowed fields, and prospect-bounding sea!
Deep sighs my lonely heart: I drop the tear:
Enchanting spot! O, were my Sara here!

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Brothers' Water.

WRITTEN IN MARCH,

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF BROTHERS' WATER.

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon
There 's joy in the mountains;
There 's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

William Wordsworth.

Brough.

BROUGH BELLS.

CONCERNING these bells at Brough, there is a tradition that they were given by one Brunskill, who lived upon Stanemore, in the remotest part of the parish, and had a great many cattle. One time it happened that his bull fell a-bellowing, which in the dialect of the country is called cruning, this being the genuine Saxon word to denote that vociferation. Thereupon he said to one of his neighbors, "Hearest thou how loud this bull crunes? If these cattle should all crune together, might they not be heard from Brough hither?" He answered, "Yea." — "Well then," says Brunskill, "I 'll make them all crune together." And he sold them all, and with the price thereof he bought the said bells.

* * * * *

"ON Stanemore's side, one summer eve,
John Brunskill sate to see
His herds in yonder Borrodale
Come winding up the lea.

"Behind them, on the lowland's verge,
In the evening light serene,
Brough's silent tower, then newly built
By Blenkinsop, was seen.

"Slowly they came in long array,
With loitering pace at will;
At times a low from them was heard,
Far off, for all was still.

"The hills returned that lonely sound
Upon the tranquil air:
The only sound it was which then
Awoke the echoes there.

"'Thou hear'st that lordly bull of mine,
Neighbor,' quoth Brunskill then:
'How loudly to the hills he crunes,
That crune to him again!

"'Think'st thou if yon whole herd at once
Their voices should combine,
Were they at Brough, that we might not
Hear plainly from this upland spot
That cruning of the kine?'

"'That were a crune indeed,' replied
His comrade, 'which, I ween,
Might at the Spital well be heard,
And in all dales between.

"'Up Mallerstang to Eden's springs,
The eastern wind upon its wings
The mighty voice would bear;
And Appleby would hear the sound,
Methinks, when skies are fair.'

"'Then shall the herd,' John Brunskill cried,
'From yon dumb steeple crune;
And thou and I, on this hillside,
Will listen to their tune.

"'So, while the merry Bells of Brough
For many an age ring on,
John Brunskill will remembered be,
When he is dead and gone, —

"'As one who, in his latter years,
Contented with enough,
Gave freely what he well could spare
To buy the Bells of Brough.'

"Thus it hath proved: three hundred years
Since then have passed away,
And Brunskill's is a living name
Among us to this day."

"More pleasure," I replied, "shall I
From this time forth partake,
When I remember Helbeck woods,
For old John Brunskill's sake.

"He knew how wholesome it would be,
Among these wild, wide fells
And upland vales, to catch, at times,
The sound of Christian bells; —

"What feelings and what impulses
Their cadence might convey
To herdsman or to shepherd-boy,
Whiling in indolent employ
The solitary day; —

"That, when his brethren were convened
To meet for social prayer,
He too, admonished by the call,
In spirit might be there;

"Or when a glad thanksgiving sound,
Upon the winds of heaven,
Was sent to speak a nation's joy,
For some great blessing given, —

"For victory by sea or land,
And happy peace at length;
Peace by his country's valor won,
And stablished by her strength; —

"When such exultant peals were borne
Upon the mountain air,
The sound should stir his blood, and give
An English impulse there."

Such thoughts were in the old man's mind,
When he that eve looked down
From Stanemore's side on Borrodale,
And on the distant town.

And had I store of wealth, methinks,
Another herd of kine,
John Brunskill, I would freely give,
That they might crune with thine.

Robert Southey.

Bude Haven.

A CROON ON HENNACLIFF.

THUS said the rushing raven
Unto his hungry mate, —
"Ho! gossip! for Bude Haven:
There be corpses six or eight.
Cawk! cawk! the crew and skipper
Are wallowing in the sea:
So there 's a savory supper
For my old dame and me."

"Cawk! gaffer! thou art dreaming,
The shore hath wreckers bold;
Would rend the yelling seamen,
From the clutching billows hold.
Cawk! cawk! they 'd bound for booty
Into the dragon's den:
And shout, for 'death or duty,'
If the prey were drowning men."

Loud laughed the listening surges
At the guess our grandame gave:
You might call them Boanerges,
From the thunder of their wave.
And mockery followed after
The sea-bird's jeering brood:

That filled the skies with laughter,
From Lundy Light to Bude.

"Cawk! cawk!" then said the raven,
"I am fourscore years and ten,
Yet never in Bude Haven
Did I croak for rescued men.—
They will save the captain's girdle,
And shirt, if shirt there be;
But leave their blood to curdle
For my old dame and me."

So said the rushing raven
Unto his hungry mate,—
"Ho! gossip! for Bude Haven:
There be corpses six or eight.
Cawk! cawk! the crew and skipper
Are wallowing in the sea:
O, what a savory supper
For my old dame and me."

Robert Stephen Hawker.

Burton Pynsent.

SUNSET AT BURTON PYNSENT, SOMERSET.

HOW bare and bright thou sinkest to thy rest
Over the burnished line of the Severn sea!
While somewhat of thy power thou buriest
In ruddy mists, that we may look on thee.
And while we stand and wonder, we may see

Far mountain-tops in visible glory drest,
Where 'twixt yon purple hills the sight is free
To search the regions of the dim northwest.
But shadowy bars have crossed thee, — suddenly
Thou 'rt fallen among strange clouds; yet not the less
Thy presence know we, by the radiancy
That doth thy shroud with golden fringes dress;
Even as hidden love to faithful eye
Brightens the edges of obscure distress.

Henry Alford.

Butleigh.

EPITAPH IN BUTLEIGH CHURCH.

DIVIDED far by death were they whose names,
In honor here united as in birth,
This monumental verse records. They drew
In Dorset's healthy vales their natal breath,
And from these shores beheld the ocean first,
Whereon in early youth, with one accord,
They chose their way of fortune; to that course
By Hood and Bridport's bright example drawn,
Their kinsmen, children of this place, and sons
Of one who in his faithful ministry
Inculcated within these hallowed walls
The truths in mercy to mankind revealed.
Worthy were these three brethren each to add
New honors to the already honored name;

But Arthur, in the morning of his day,
Perished amid the Caribbean Sea,
When the Pomona, by a hurricane
Whirled, riven, and overwhelmed, with all her crew
Into the deep went down. A longer date
To Alexander was assigned, — for hope,
For fair ambition, and for fond regret,
Alas, how short! for duty, for desert,
Sufficing; and, while Time preserves the roll
Of Britain's naval feats, for good report.
A boy, with Cooke he rounded the great globe;
A youth, in many a celebrated fight
With Rodney had his part; and having reached
Life's middle stage, engaging ship to ship,
When the French Hercules, a gallant foe,
Struck to the British Mars his three-striped flag,
He fell, in the moment of his victory.
Here his remains, in sure and certain hope,
Are laid, until the hour when earth and sea
Shall render up their dead. One brother yet
Survived, with Keppel and with Rodney trained
In battles, with the Lord of Nile approved,
Ere in command he worthily upheld
Old England's high prerogative. In the East,
The West, the Baltic and the Midland Seas, —
Yea, wheresoever hostile fleets have ploughed
The ensanguined deep, — his thunders have been heard,
His flag in brave defiance hath been seen;
And bravest enemies at Sir Samuel's name
Felt fatal presage, in their inmost heart,
Of unavertible defeat foredoomed.

Thus in the path of glory he rode on,
Victorious alway, adding praise to praise,
Till, full of honors, not of years, beneath
The venom of the infected clime he sunk,
On Coromandel's coast, completing there
His service, only when his life was spent.

To the three brethren, Alexander's son,
(Sole scion he in whom their line survived,)
With English feeling, and the deeper sense
Of filial duty, consecrates this tomb.

Robert Southey.

Buxton.

WRITTEN AT BUXTON IN A RAINY SEASON.

FROM these wild heights, where oft the mists descend
In rains that shroud the sun and chill the gale,
Each transient gleaming interval we hail,
And rove the naked valleys, and extend
Our gaze around where yon vast mountains blend
With billowy clouds that o'er their summits sail,
Pondering how little Nature's charms befriend
The barren scene, monotonous and pale.
Yet solemn when the darkening shadows fleet
Successive o'er the wide and silent hills,
Gilded by watery sunbeams: — then we meet
Peculiar pomp of vision. Fancy thrills;
And owns there is no scene so rude and bare
But nature sheds or grace or grandeur there.

Anna Seward.

Cadland.

CADLAND, SOUTHAMPTON RIVER.

IF ever sea-maid, from her coral cave,
Beneath the hum of the great surge, has loved
To pass delighted from her green abode,
And, seated on a summer bank, to sing
No earthly music; in a spot like this
The bard might feign he heard her, as she dried
Her golden hair, yet dripping from the main,
In the slant sunbeam.

So the pensive bard
Might image, warmed by this enchanting scene,
The ideal form; but though such things are not,
He who has ever felt a thought refined;
He who has wandered on the sea of life,
Forming delightful visions of a home
Of beauty and repose; he who has loved
With filial warmth his country, will not pass
Without a look of more than tenderness
On all the scene; from where the pensile birch
Bends on the bank, amid the clustered group
Of the dark hollies; to the woody shore
That steals diminished, to the distant spires
Of Hampton, crowning the long lucid wave.
White in the sun beneath the forest-shade
Full shines the frequent sail, like Vanity,
As she goes onward in her glittering trim,

Amid the glances of life's transient morn,
Calling on all to view her!
Vectis[1] there,
That slopes its greensward to the lambent wave
And shows through softest haze its woods and domes,
With gray St. Catherine's creeping to the sky,
Seems like a modest maid, who charms the more
Concealing half her beauties.
To the east,
Proud, yet complacent, on its subject realm,
With masts innumerable thronged, and hulls
Seen indistinct, but formidable, mark
Albion's vast fleet, that, like the impatient storm,
Waits but the word to thunder and flash death
On him who dares approach to violate
The shores and living scenes that smile secure
Beneath its dragon-watch!
Long may they smile!
And long, majestic Albion (while the sound
From East to West, from Albis to the Po,
Of dark contention hurtles), mayst thou rest,
As calm and beautiful this sylvan scene
Looks on the refluent wave that steals below.

William Lisle Bowles.

[1] The Isle of Wight.

Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE.

IT was a dreary morning when the wheels
Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with clouds,
And nothing cheered our way till first we saw
The long-roofed chapel of King's College lift
Turrets and pinnacles in answering files,
Extended high above a dusky grove.

Advancing, we espied upon the road
A student clothed in gown and tasselled cap,
Striding along as if o'ertasked by Time,
Or covetous of exercise and air;
He passed, — nor was I master of my eyes
Till he was left an arrow's flight behind.
As near and nearer to the spot we drew,
It seemed to suck us in with an eddy's force.
Onward we drove beneath the castle; caught,
While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse of Cam;
And at the Hoop alighted, famous inn.

* * * * *

The Evangelist St. John my patron was:
Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first
Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure;
Right underneath, the college kitchens made
A humming sound less tunable than bees,

But hardly less industrious; with shrill notes
Of sharp command and scolding intermixed.
Near me hung Trinity's loquacious clock,
Who never let the quarters, night or day,
Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the hours
Twice over with a male and female voice.
Her pealing organ was my neighbor too;
And from my pillow, looking forth by light
Of moon or favoring stars, I could behold
The antechapel where the statue stood
Of Newton, with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone.

* * * * *

All winter long, whenever free to choose,
Did I by night frequent the college groves
And tributary walks; the last, and oft
The only one, who had been lingering there
Through hours of silence, till the porter's bell,
A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,
Rang, with its blunt, unceremonious voice,
Inexorable summons! Lofty elms,
Inviting shades of opportune recess,
Bestowed composure on a neighborhood
Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree,
With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely wreathed,
Grew there; an ash which winter for himself
Decked as in pride, and with outlandish grace:
Up from the ground, and almost to the top,
The trunk and every master branch were green

With clustering ivy, and the lightsome twigs
And outer spray profusely tipped with seeds
That hung in yellow tassels, while the air
Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have I stood
Foot-bound, uplooking at this lovely tree
Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere
Of magic fiction verse of mine perchance
May never tread; but scarcely Spenser's self
Could have more tranquil visions in his youth,
Or could more bright appearance create
Of human forms with superhuman powers,
Than I beheld, loitering on calm, clear nights,
Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth.

William Wordsworth.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

TAX not the royal saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the architect who planned —
Albeit laboring for a scanty band
Of white-robed scholars only — this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst: high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

William Wordsworth.

WHAT awful pérspective! while from our sight
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
Their portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
In the soft checkerings of a sleepy light.
Martyr, or king, or sainted Eremite,
Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,
Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
Shine on, until ye fade with coming night! —
But, from the arms of silence, — list! O, list! —
The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

William Wordsworth.

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path
Lead to that younger pile, whose sky-like dome
Hath typified by reach of daring art
Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,
The silent cross, among the stars shall spread
As now, when she hath also seen her breast
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing dead.

William Wordsworth.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

I PAST beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown;
I roved at random through the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls;

And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophets blazoned on the panes;

And caught once more the distant shout,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt
The same, but not the same; and last
Up that long walk of limes I past
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door:
I lingered; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crashed the glass and beat the floor;

Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art
And labor, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land;

When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string;
And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner, here and there;

And last the master-bowman, he
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point with power and grace,
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo.

Alfred Tennyson.

ON REVISITING TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

I HAVE a debt of my heart's own to thee,
School of my soul! old lime and cloister shade!
Which I, strange suitor, should lament to see
Fully acquitted and exactly paid.
The first ripe taste of manhood's best delights,
Knowledge imbibed, while mind and heart agree,
In sweet belated talk on winter nights,
With friends whom growing time keeps dear to me;—
Such things I owe thee, and not only these:

I owe thee the far-beaconing memories
Of the young dead, who, having crossed the tide
Of Life where it was narrow, deep, and clear,
Now cast their brightness from the farther side
On the dark-flowing hours I breast in fear.

Lord Houghton.

THE BACKS.

DROPPING down the river,
Down the glancing river,
Through the fleet of shallops,
Through the fairy fleet,
Underneath the bridges,
Carvéd stone and oaken,
Crowned with sphere and pillar,
Linking lawn with lawn,
Sloping swards of garden,
Flowering bank to bank;
Midst the golden noontide,
'Neath the stately trees,
Reaching out their laden
Arms to overshade us;
Midst the summer evens,
Whilst the winds were heavy
With the blossom-odors,
Whilst the birds were singing
From their sleepless nests.

Dropping down the river,
Down the branchéd river,

Through the hidden outlet
Of some happy stream,
Lifting up the leafy
Curtain that o'erhung it,
Fold on fold of foliage
Not proof against the stars.

Drinking ruby claret
From the silvered "Pewter,"
Spoil of ancient battle
On the "*ready*" Cam,
Ne'er to be forgotten
Pleasant friendly faces
Mistily discerning
Through the glass below.

Ah! the balmy fragrance
Of the mild Havanna!
Downed amidst the purple
Of our railway wrappers,
Solemn-thoughted, glorious
On the verge of June.
Musical the rippling
Of the tardy current,
Musical the murmur
Of the wind-swept trees,
Musical the cadence
Of the friendly voices
Laden with the sweetness
Of the songs of old.

James Payn.

Camelot.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And through the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls and four gray towers
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges, trailed
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth, silken-sailed,
Skimming down to Camelot:

But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'T is the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

THERE she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near,
Winding down to Camelot:

There the river-eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market-girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
Goes by to towered Camelot;
And sometimes through the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight forever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle-bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazoned baldric slung,
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river

He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over towered Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day

She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —
The leaves upon her falling light —
Through the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly
Turned to towered Camelot;
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

Alfred Tennyson.

KING RYENCE'S CHALLENGE.

AS it fell out on a Pentecost-day,
King Arthur at Camelot kept his court royall,
With his faire queene, Dame Guenever the gay;
And many bold barons sitting in hall;
With ladies attired in purple and pall;
And heraults in hewkes, hooting on high,
Cryed, *Largesse, Largesse, Chevaliers tres-hardie.*

A doughty dwarfe to the uppermost deas
Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee;
With steven fulle stoute amids all the preas,
Sayd: Nowe, Sir King Arthur, God save thee, and see!
Sir Ryence of North-gales greeteth well thee,
And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle,
With eleven kings beards bordered about,

And there is room lefte yet in a kantle,
For thine to stande, to make the twelfth out:
This must be done, be thou never so stout;
This must be done, I tell thee no fable,
Maugre the teeth of all thy round table.

When this mortal message from his mouthe past,
Great was the noyse bothe in hall and in bower:
The king fumed; the queene screecht; ladies were aghast;
Princes puffed; barons blustred; lords began lower;
Knights stormed; squires startled, like steeds in a stower;
Pages and yeomen yelled out in the hall,
Then in came Sir Kay, the king's seneschal.

Silence, my soveraignes, quoth this courteous knight,
And in that stound the stowre began still:
Then the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was dight;
Of wine and wassel he had his wille:
And, when he had eaten and drunken his fill,
An hundred pieces of fine coyned gold
Were given this dwarf for his message bold.

But say to Sir Ryence, thou dwarf, quoth the king,
That for his bold message I do him defye;
And shortlye with basins and pans will him ring
Out of North-gales; where he and I
With swords, and not razors, quickly shall trye,
Whether he or King Arthur will prove the best barbor,
And therewith he shook his good sword Escalàbor.

Percy's Reliques.

Carisbrooke.

CARISBROOKE CHIMES.

CARISBROOKE Church on the fifth of November
Flung out the silver hid deep in her chimes;
This was her burden, "Be pleased to remember
The ill which they did in papistical times!"

Over the woods and the fields rich with tillage,
That fairest of islands embellishing still,
People who walked in the streets of the village
Might hear the sweet echoes chime back from the hill.

I think, my old church, you are somewhat ungracious,
And do not remember from whence you descended;
Who planned you so skilfully, framed you so spacious,
And laid your stone walls with zeal pious and splendid!

What was the fount of that bountiful spirit
Which fashioned each porch to the innermost throne?
Who pierced the fair windows whose light we inherit,
And carved the quaint heads of your corbels of stone?

Do you forget how the people rejoicéd
When first you stood finished, the crown of the vale?
What hymns of thanksgiving rose myriad-voicéd,
What rich scent of incense was borne on the gale?

Or have you forgotten how red were the roses
Which wreathed the new altar now ancient and gray?

Ah! many a witness around you reposes,
Whose dead lips, unsealed, would remember that day!

Pacing the churchyard by moonlight in summer,
Watching the rainbow when green leaves turn sere,
I think to the heart of a thoughtful new-comer,
Each trace of the old Faith should surely be dear.

All she did here was both noble and tender; —
God save her living core, — peace to her dust;
Inspired by her beauty, amazed by her splendor,
The poet at least can afford to be just.

And I cannot endure to hear you assuring,
At the top of your voice, (though a sweet one, 't is true!)
The mother who reared you with love so enduring,
That she and her children are nothing to you.

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

Carlisle.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW-PANE AT THE OLD BUSH HOTEL.

HERE chicks in eggs for breakfast sprawl;
Here godless boys God's glories squall;
Here heads of Scotchmen guard the wall;
But Corbie's walks atone for all.

David Hume.

THE SUN SHINES FAIR ON CARLISLE WALL.

SHE leaned her head against a thorn,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';
And there she has her young babe born,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

"Smile no sae sweet, my bonnie babe,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';
An ye smile sae sweet ye 'll smile me dead,"
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

* * * * *

She 's howket a grave by the light o' the moon,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';
And there she 's buried her sweet babe in,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

As she was going to the church,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';
She saw a sweet babe in the porch,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

"O bonnie babe, an ye were mine,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';
I'd clead you in silk and sabelline," —
And the lyon shall be lord of a'."

"O mother mine, when I was thine,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';
To me ye were na half sae kind,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

"But now I'm in the heavens hie,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';
And ye have the pains of hell to dree" —
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

Anonymous.

LOVE SHALL BE LORD OF ALL.

IT was an English ladye bright,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all.

That wine she had not tasted well,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,

When dead in her true love's arms she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all.

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall:—
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And died for her sake in Palestine;
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all!

Walter Scott.

CARLISLE YETTS.

WHITE was the rose in his gay bonnet,
As he faulded me in his broached plaidie,
His hand whilk clasped the truth luve,
O it was ay in battle ready!
His long, long hair in yellow hanks
Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddie;
But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts
In dripping ringlets clotting bloodie.

My father's blood 's in that flower-tap,
My brother's in that hare-bell's blossom,

This white rose was steeped in my luve's blood,
An' I'll ay wear it in my bosom.

* * * * *

When I came first by merry Carlisle,
Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming;
The White Rose flaunted owre the wall,
The thristled banners far were streaming!
When I came next by merry Carlisle,
O sad, sad seemed the town an' eerie!
The auld, auld men came out an' wept,
"O maiden, come ye to seek yere dearie?"

* * * * *

There 's ae drop o' blude atween my breasts,
An' twa in my links o' hair sae yellow;
The tane I'll ne'er wash, an' the tither ne'er kame,
But I'll sit an' pray aneath the willow.
Wae, wae upon that cruel heart,
Wae, wae upon that hand sae bloodie,
Which feasts in our richest Scottish blude,
An' makes sae mony a doleful widow.

Anonymous.

Channel, the English.

THE ARETHUSA.

COME, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honor's mould,
While English glory I unfold, —
Huzza to the Arethusa!
She is a frigate tight and brave
As ever stemmed the dashing wave:
Her men are stanch
To their favorite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we 'll all expire,
On board of the Arethusa.

'T was with old Keppel she went out,
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The famed Belle Poule straight ahead did lie, —
The Arethusa seemed to fly;
Not a sheet or a tack,
Or a brace did she slack;
Though the Frenchman laughed, and thought it stuff;
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We with two hundred did advance,
On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hailed the Frenchman, "Ho!"
The Frenchman then cried out, "Hallo!"
"Bear down, d'ye see,
To our admiral's lee."
"No, no," says the Frenchman, "that can't be."
"Then I must lug you along with me,"
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land;
We forced them back upon their strand;
For we fought till not a stick would stand
On board of the Arethusa.
And since we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass
To his favorite lass;
A health to our captain and officers too,
And all who belong to the jovial crew
On board of the Arethusa.

Prince Hoare.

Chatsworth.

CHATSWORTH.

CHATSWORTH! thy stately mansion, and the pride
Of thy domain, strange contrast do present
To house and home in many a craggy rent
Of the wild Peak; where new-born waters glide
Through fields whose thrifty occupants abide
As in a dear and chosen banishment,
With every semblance of entire content;
So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried!
Yet he whose heart in childhood gave her troth
To pastoral dales, thin set with modest farms,
May learn, if judgment strengthen with his growth,
That not for Fancy only pomp hath charms;
And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms
The extremes of favored life, may honor both.

William Wordsworth.

Cherwell, the River.

TO THE RIVER CHERWELL, OXFORD.

CHERWELL! how pleased along thy willowed hedge
Erewhile I strayed, or when the morn began
To tinge the distant turret's gleamy fan,
Or evening glimmered o'er the sighing sedge!

And now reposing on thy banks once more,
I bid the pipe farewell, and that sad lay
Whose music on my melancholy way
I wooed: amid thy waving willows hoar
Seeking awhile to rest, — till the bright sun
Of joy return, as when Heaven's beauteous bow
Beams on the night-storm's passing wings below:
Whate'er betide, yet something have I won
Of solace, that may bear me on serene,
Till Eve's last hush shall close the silent scene.

William Lisle Bowles.

CHERWELL, FROM THE TERRACE.

I.

'TIS evening! With a mind to which the shade
Somewhat of its own sombre hues hath lent,
On the old terrace-wall far forward bent,
I watch, while slowly the last sunbeams fade
Behind the trees of Christ-Church' lengthened glade,
Cherwell, thy tributary waters glide
Onward to Isis' breast, a silver tide,
Winding, mid willow-drooping banks embayed;
Yes! typical thine unambitious flow,
Of those brief years to lone seclusion given,
When studious days in modest current go,
Noiseless, unruffled, swift, unsullied, even,
Unrippled, foamless, eddyless, till hurled
Into the larger waters of the world!

II.

Aristocratic stream! Thou who dost brook
No trade upon thy waters! never soil
Thy purity the barge and sons of toil!
For gentle lovers only dost thou look:
Ne'er hast thou been, ne'er shalt thou be, forsook
By Youth and Pleasure, who with dripping oar
Through the green meadows on thy banks explore
Each azure bend, and lily-bearing nook;
The pool by bathers sought, glassy and still:
The shady reach where the dark willows bend:
Thine angler-haunted current by the mill: —
Beautiful river! why should I rehearse
Faintly thy charms, when he who was my friend
Hath given thee sweeter and more burning verse?

John Bruce Norton.

Chester.

CHESTER.

How charmed we pilgrims from the eager West,
Where only life, and not its scene, is old,
Beside the hearth of Chester's inn at rest,
Her ancient story to each other told!

The holly-wreath and dial's moon-orbed face,
The Gothic tankard, crowned with beaded ale,

The faded aquatint of Chevy Chace,
And heirloom bible, harmonized the tale.

Then roamed we forth as in a wondrous dream,
Whose visions truth could only half eclipse;
The turret shadows living phantoms seem,
And mill-sluice brawl the moan of ghostly lips.

Night and her planet their enchantments wove,
To wake the brooding spirits of the past;
A Druid's sickle glistened in the grove,
And Harold's war-cry died upon the blast.

The floating mist that hung on Brewer's hill,
(While every heart-beat seemed a sentry's tramp,)
In tented domes and bannered folds grew still,
As rose the psalm from Cromwell's wary camp.

From ivied tower, above the meadows sere,
We watched the fray with hunted Charles of yore,
When grappled Puritan and Cavalier,
And sunk a traitor's throne on Rowton moor.

We tracked the ramparts in the lunar gloom,
Knelt by the peasants at St. Mary's shrine;
With his own hermit mused at Parnell's tomb,
And breathed the cadence of his pensive line.

Beneath a gable mouldering and low,
The pious record we could still descry,
Which, in the pestilence of old De Foe,
Proclaimed that here death's angel flitted by.

At morn the venders in the minster's shade,
With gleaming scales and plumage at their feet,
Seemed figures on the canvas of Ostade,
Where mart and temple so benignly meet.

Of Holland whispered then the sullen barge,
We thought of Venice by the hushed canal,
And hailed each relic on time's voiceless marge, —
Sepulchral lamp and clouded lachrymal.

The quaint arcades of traffic's feudal range,
And giant fossils of a lustier crew;
The diamond casements and the moated grange,
Tradition's lapsing fantasies renew.

The oaken effigies of buried earls,
A window blazoned with armorial crest,
A rusted helm, and standard's broidered furls,
Chivalric eras patiently attest.

Here William's castle frowns upon the tide;
There holy Werburgh keeps aerial sway,
To warn the minions who complacent glide,
And swell ambition's retinue to-day.

Once more we sought the parapet, to gaze,
And mark the hoar-frost glint along the dales;
Or, through the wind-cleft vistas of the haze,
Welcome afar the mountain-ridge of Wales.

Ah, what a respite from the onward surge
Of life, where all is turbulent and free,
To pause awhile upon the quiet verge
Of olden memories, beside the Dee!

Anonymous.

Chillington.

INSCRIPTION FOR A STONE

ERECTED AT THE SOWING OF A GROVE OF OAKS AT CHILLINGTON, THE SEAT OF T. GIFFORD, ESQ., 1790.

OTHER stones the era tell
When some feeble mortal fell;
I stand here to date the birth
Of these hardy sons of earth.

Which shall longest brave the sky,
Storm and frost, — these oaks or I?
Pass an age or two away,
I must moulder and decay;
But the years that crumble me
Shall invigorate the tree,
Spread its branch, dilate its size,
Lift its summit to the skies.

Cherish honor, virtue, truth,
So shalt thou prolong thy youth.
Wanting these, however fast
Man be fixed and formed to last,
He is lifeless even now,
Stone at heart, and cannot grow.

William Cowper.

Cinque Ports.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,

As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar;
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Clapham.

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM ACADEMY.

AH me! those old familiar bounds!
That classic house, those classic grounds
My pensive thought recalls!
What tender urchins now confine,
What little captives now repine,
Within yon irksome walls!

Ay, that 's the very house! I know
Its ugly windows, ten a-row!
Its chimneys in the rear!
And there 's the iron rod so high,
That drew the thunder from the sky
And turned our table-beer!

There I was birched! there I was bred!
There like a little Adam fed
From Learning's woful tree! —
The weary tasks I used to con!
The hopeless leaves I wept upon!
Most fruitless leaves to me!

The summoned class! — the awful bow! —
I wonder who is master now
And wholesome anguish sheds!

How many ushers now employs,
How many maids to see the boys
  Have nothing in their heads!

And Mrs. S * * *? — Doth she abet
(Like Pallas in the parlor) yet
  Some favored two or three, —
The little Crichtons of the hour,
Her muffin-medals that devour,
  And swill her prize — Bohea?

Ay, there 's the playground! there 's the lime,
Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
  So wildly I have read! —
Who sits there now, and skims the cream
Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
  Of love and cottage-bread?

Who struts the Randall of the walk?
Who models tiny heads in chalk?
  Who scoops the light canoe?
What early genius buds apace?
Where 's Poynter? Harris? Bowers? Chase?
  Hal Baylis? blithe Carew?

Alack! they 're gone — a thousand ways!
And some are serving in "the Greys,"
  And some have perished young! —
Jack Harris weds his second wife;
Hal Baylis drives the wane of life;
  And blithe Carew — is hung!

Grave Bowers teaches A B C
To savages at Owhyee;
  Poor Chase is with the worms! —
All, all are gone, — the olden breed! —
New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
  "And push us from our forms!"

Lo! where they scramble forth, and shout,
And leap, and skip, and mob about,
  At play where we have played!
Some hop, some run (some fall), some twine
Their crony arms; some in the shine,
  And some are in the shade!

Lo! there what mixed conditions run:
The orphan lad; the widow's son;
  And fortune's favored care, —
The wealthy born, for whom she hath
Macadamized the future path, —
  The nabob's pampered heir!

Some brightly starred, some evil born;
For honor some, and some for scorn;
  For fair or foul renown!
Good, bad, indifferent, — none may lack!
Look, here 's a White, and there 's a Black!
  And there 's a Creole brown!

Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,
And wish their frugal sires would keep
  Their only sons at home;

Some tease the future tense, and plan
The full-grown doings of the man,
And pant for years to come!

A foolish wish! There's one at hoop;
And four at fives! and five who stoop
The marble taw to speed!
And one that curvets in and out,
Reining his fellow cob about, —
Would I were in his steed!

Yet he would gladly halt and drop
That boyish harness off, to swop
With this world's heavy van, —
To toil, to tug. O little fool!
While thou canst be a horse at school,
To wish to be a man!

Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
To wear a crown, — to be a king!
And sleep on regal down!
Alas! thou know'st not kingly cares;
Far happier is thy head that wears
That hat without a crown!

And dost thou think that years acquire
New added joys? Dost think thy sire
More happy than his son?
That manhood's mirth? — O, go thy ways
To Drury Lane when —— plays,
And see how forced our fun!

Thy taws are brave! — thy tops are rare! —
Our tops are spun with coils of care,
  Our dumps are no delight! —
The Elgin marbles are but tame,
And 't is at best a sorry game
  To fly the Muse's kite!

Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
Our topmost joys fall dull and dead
  Like balls with no rebound!
And often with a faded eye
We look behind, and send a sigh
  Towards that merry ground!

Then be contented. Thou hast got
The most of heaven in thy young lot;
  There 's sky-blue in thy cup!
Thou 'lt find thy manhood all too fast, —
Soon come, soon gone! and age at last
  A sorry breaking up!

Thomas Hood.

Clevedon.

HALLAM'S GRAVE.

WHEN on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
  By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls:

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away;
From off my bed the moonlight dies;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray:

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the chancel like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

Alfred Tennyson.

Clifton.

CLIFTON.

CLIFTON, in vain thy varied scenes invite, —
The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy height;
The sheep, that, starting from the tufted thyme,
Untune the distant churches' mellow chime;
As o'er each limb a gentle horror creeps,
And shake above our heads the craggy steeps.
Pleasant I've thought it to pursue the rower
While light and darkness seize the changeful oar;

The frolic Naiads drawing from below
A net of silver round the black canoe.
Now the last lonely solace must it be
To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea.
Then join my friends, and let those friends believe
My cheeks are moistened by the dews of eve.

Walter Savage Landor.

THE BRIDGE BETWEEN CLIFTON AND LEIGH WOODS.

FROWN ever opposite, the angel cried,
Who, with an earthquake's might and giant hand,
Severed these riven rocks, and bade them stand
Severed forever! The vast ocean-tide,
Leaving its roar without at his command,
Shrank, and beneath the woods through the green land
Went gently murmuring on, so to deride
The frowning barriers that its force defied!
But Art, high o'er the trailing smoke below
Of sea-bound steamer, on yon summit's head
Sat musing; and where scarce a wandering crow
Sailed o'er the chasm, in thought a highway led;
Conquering, as by an arrow from a bow,
The scene's lone genius by her elfin-thread.

William Lisle Bowles.

Clovelly.

CLOVELLY.

'TIS eve! 't is glimmering eve! how fair the scene,
Touched by the soft hues of the dreamy west!
Dim hills afar, and happy vales between,
With the tall corn's deep furrow calmly blest:
Beneath, the sea! by Eve's fond gale caressed,
Mid groves of living green that fringe its side;
Dark sails that gleam on ocean's heaving breast
From the glad fisher-barks that homeward glide,
To make Clovelly's shores at pleasant evening-tide.

Hearken! the mingling sounds of earth and sea,
The pastoral music of the bleating flock,
Blent with the sea-bird's uncouth melody,
The waves' deep murmur to the unheeding rock;
And ever and anon the impatient shock
Of some strong billow on the sounding shore:
And hark! the rowers' deep and well-known stroke,
Glad hearts are there, and joyful hands once more
Furrow the whitening wave with their returning oar.

But turn where Art with votive hand hath twined
A living wreath for Nature's grateful brow,
Where the lone wanderer's raptured footsteps wind
Mid rock, and glancing stream, and shadowy bough;
Where scarce the valley's leafy depths allow

The intruding sunbeam in their shade to dwell,
There doth the seamaid breathe her human vow, —
So village maidens in their envy tell, —
Won from her dark-blue home by that alluring dell.

A softer beauty floats along the sky,
The moonbeam dwells upon the voiceless wave;
Far off, the night-winds steal away and die,
Or sleep in music in their ocean cave:
Tall oaks, whose strength the giant-storm might brave,
Bend in rude fondness o'er the silvery sea;
Nor can yon mountain raun forbear to lave
Her blushing clusters where the waters be,
Murmuring around her home such touching melody.

Thou, quaint Clovelly! in thy shades of rest,
When timid Spring her pleasant task hath sped,
Or Summer pours from her redundant breast
All fruits and flowers along thy valley's bed:
Yes! and when Autumn's golden glories spread,
Till we forget near Winter's withering rage,
What fairer path shall woo the wanderer's tread,
Soothe wearied hope and worn regret assuage?
Lo! for firm youth a bower, a home for lapsing age.

Robert Stephen Hawker.

Cockermouth.

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH,

WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS BORN, AND HIS FATHER'S REMAINS ARE LAID.

A POINT of life between my parents' dust
And yours, my buried little ones! am I;
And to those graves looking habitually,
In kindred quiet I repose my trust.
Death to the innocent is more than just,
And, to the sinner, mercifully bent;
So may I hope, if truly I repent
And meekly bear the ills which bear I must:
And you, my offspring! that do still remain,
Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,
If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain
We breathed together for a moment's space,
The wrong, by love provoked, let love arraign,
And only love keep in your hearts a place.

William Wordsworth.

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKERMOUTH CASTLE.

"THOU look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,
Poet! that, stricken as both are by years,
We, differing once so much, are now compeers,
Prepared, when each has stood his time, to sink

Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link
United us; when thou, in boyish play,
Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey
To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink
Of light was there; and thus did I, thy tutor,
Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the grave;
While thou wert chasing the winged butterfly
Through my green courts; or climbing, a bold suitor,
Up to the flowers whose golden progeny
Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave."

William Wordsworth.

Corby.

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD,

IN WETHERAL CHURCH, NEAR CORBY, ON THE BANKS OF THE EDEN.

STRETCHED on the dying mother's lap lies dead
Her new-born babe; dire ending of bright hope!
But sculpture here, with the divinest scope
Of luminous faith, heavenward hath raised that head
So patiently; and through one hand has spread
A touch so tender for the insensate child, —
(Earth's lingering love to parting reconciled,
Brief parting, for the spirit is all but fled,) —
That we, who contemplate the turns of life
Through this still medium, are consoled and cheered;

Feel with the mother, think the severed wife
Is less to be lamented than revered;
And own that art, triumphant over strife
And pain, hath powers to eternity endeared.

William Wordsworth.

Corston.

CORSTON.

AS thus I stand beside the murmuring stream,
And watch its current, Memory here portrays
Scenes faintly formed of half-forgotten days,
Like far-off woodlands by the moon's bright beam
Dimly descried, but lovely. I have worn
Amid these haunts the heavy hours away,
When childhood idled through the sabbath day;
Risen to my tasks at winter's earliest morn;
And, when the summer twilight darkened here,
Thinking of home, and all of heart forlorn,
Have sighed, and shed in secret many a tear.
Dreamlike and indistinct those days appear,
As the faint sounds of this low brooklet, borne
Upon the breeze, reach fitfully the ear.

Robert Southey.

THE RETROSPECT.

CORSTON, twelve years in various fortunes fled
Have passed with restless progress o'er my head,
Since in thy vale, beneath the master's rule,
I dwelt an inmate of the village school.
Yet still will Memory's busy eye retrace
Each little vestige of the well-known place;
Each wonted haunt and scene of youthful joy,
Where merriment has cheered the careless boy;
Well pleased will Fancy still the spot survey
Where once he triumphed in the boyish play,
Without one care where every morn he rose,
Where every evening sunk to calm repose.

Large was the house, though fallen, in course of fate,
From its old grandeur and manorial state.
Lord of the manor, here the jovial squire
Once called his tenants round the crackling fire;
Here, while the glow of joy suffused his face,
He told his ancient exploits in the chase,
And, proud his rival sportsmen to surpass,
He lit again the pipe and filled again the glass.

But now no more was heard at early morn
The echoing clangor of the huntsman's horn;
No more the eager hounds with deepening cry
Leaped round him as they knew their pastime nigh;
The squire no more obeyed the morning call,
Nor favorite spaniels filled the sportsman's hall;
For he, the last descendant of his race,

Slept with his fathers, and forgot the chase.
There now in petty empire o'er the school
The mighty master held despotic rule;
Trembling in silence all his deeds we saw,
His look a mandate and his word a law;
Severe his voice, severe and stern his mien,
And wondrous strict he was, and wondrous wise I ween.

* * * * *

Such was my state in those remembered years,
When two small acres bounded all my fears;
And therefore still with pleasure I recall
The tapestried school; the bright, brown-boarded hall;
The murmuring brook, that every morning saw
The due observance of the cleanly law;
The walnuts, where, when favor would allow,
Full oft I went to search each well-stripped bough;
The crab-tree, which supplied a secret hoard
With roasted crabs to deck the wintry board:
These trifling objects then my heart possessed,
These trifling objects still remain impressed;
So, when with unskilled hand some idle hind
Carves his rude name within a sapling's rind,
In after-years the peasant lives to see
The expanding letters grow as grows the tree;
Though every winter's desolating sway
Shake the hoarse grove, and sweep the leaves away,
That rude inscription uneffaced will last,
Unaltered by the storm or wintry blast.

* * * * *

Cold was the morn, and bleak the wintry blast
Blew o'er the meadow, when I saw thee last.

My bosom bounded as I wandered round
With silent step the long-remembered ground,
Where I had loitered out so many an hour,
Chased the gay butterfly, and culled the flower,
Sought the swift arrow's erring course to trace,
Or with mine equals vied amid the chase.
I saw the church where I had slept away
The tedious service of the summer day;
Or, hearing sadly all the preacher told,
In winter waked and shivered with the cold.
Oft have my footsteps roamed the sacred ground
Where heroes, kings, and poets sleep around;
Oft traced the mouldering castle's ivied wall,
Or aged convent tottering to its fall;
Yet never had my bosom felt such pain,
As, Corston, when I saw thy scenes again;
For many a long-lost pleasure came to view,
For many a long-past sorrow rose anew;
Where whilom all were friends I stood alone,
Unknowing all I saw, of all I saw unknown.

Robert Southey.

Coventry.

GODIVA.

I WAITED for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires: and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this: —

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past; not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well
And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim earl who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these?*" — "But I would die," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul;
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear,
"O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!" — "Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered, "Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it"; and nodding as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides, among his dogs!
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,

And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition, but that she would loose
The people; therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing, but that all
Should keep within, door shut and window barred.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see; the barking cur
Made her cheek flame; her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses; the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,

The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped: but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gained
Her bower; whence re-issuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

Alfred Tennyson.

Croglin, the River.

NUNNERY DELL.

THE floods are roused, and will not soon be weary;
Down from the Pennine Alps how fiercely sweeps
Croglin, the stately Eden's tributary!
He raves, or through some moody passage creeps,
Plotting new mischief; out again he leaps
Into broad light, and sends, through regions airy,
That voice which soothed the nuns while on the steeps
They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful Mary.
That union ceased; then, cleaving easy walks
Through crags, and smoothing paths beset with danger,

Came studious Taste; and many a pensive stranger
Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.
What change shall happen next to Nunnery Dell?
Canal, and viaduct, and railway, tell!

William Wordsworth.

Croyland.

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,
Ere yet his last he breathed,
To the merry monks of Croyland
His drinking-horn bequeathed, —

That, whenever they sat at their revels,
And drank from the golden bowl,
They might remember the donor,
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass;
In their beards the red wine glistened
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
They drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the saints and martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty
They remembered one saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,
Like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
And Saint Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent,
From their prison in the tower,
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,
And the abbot bowed his head,
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
But the abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
The jovial monks forbore;
For they cried, "Fill high the goblet!
We must drink to one saint more!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Culbone (Culborne).

CULBONE, OR KITNORE, SOMERSET.

CULBONE is a small village, embowered in lofty wooded hills, on the coast between Porlock and Linton. For three months in winter its inhabitants are unvisited by the sun.

HALF-WAY upon the cliff I musing stood
O'er thy sea-fronting hollow, while the smoke
Curled from thy cottage chimneys through the wood
And brooded on the steeps of glooming oak;
Under a dark green buttress of the hill
Looked out thy lowly house of sabbath prayer;
The sea was calm below; only thy rill
Talked to itself upon the quiet air.
Yet in this quaint and sportive-seeming dell
Hath, through the silent ages that are gone,
A stream of human things been passing on,
Whose unrecorded story none may tell,
Nor count the troths in that low chancel given,
And souls from yonder cabin fled to heaven.

Henry Alford.

Cumnor Hall.

CUMNOR HALL.

THE dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privity?

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed
Thy once belovéd bride to see;
But be she alive or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appall.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,—
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;

And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

"And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was! you oft would say;
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily 's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

"For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love 's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay:
What floweret can endure the storm?

"At court, I 'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady 's passing rare,
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

"'Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Leicester, (or I much am wrong,)
Or 't is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
(The injured surely may repine!) —
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?

"The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

"The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy 's their estate;
To smile for joy than sigh for woe,
To be content than to be great.

"How far less blest am I than them!
Daily to pine and waste with care,

Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

"Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They winked aside, and seemed to say,
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near!'

"And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

"My spirits flag, my hopes decay,
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a boding seems to say,
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near!'"

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green;
Woe was the hour; for never more
That hapless countess e'er was seen!

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids with fearful glance
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall,
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sighed,
And pensive wept the countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they 've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

William Julius Mickle.

Dale Abbey.

DALE ABBEY.

A SOLITARY arch in the middle of an open meadow, and a small oratory more ancient than the monastery itself, — now the chapel of ease for the hamlet, — are alone conspicuous of all the magnificent structures which once occupied this ground. The site is about five miles northeast from Derby.

I.

THE glory hath departed from thee, Dale!
Thy gorgeous pageant of monastic pride, —
A power that once the power of kings defied,
Which truth and reason might in vain assail,
In mock humility usurped this vale,
And lorded o'er the region far and wide;
Darkness to light, evil to good allied,
Had wrought a charm, which made all hearts to quail.

What gave that power dominion on this ground,
Age after age? — the Word of God was bound! —
At length the mighty captive burst from thrall,
O'erturned the spiritual bastile in its march,
And left of ancient grandeur this sole arch,
Whose stones cry out, "Thus Babylon herself shall fall."

II.

More beautiful in ruin than in prime,
Methinks this frail yet firm memorial stands,
The work of heads laid low, and buried hands:

Now slowly mouldering to the touch of time,
It looks abroad, unconsciously sublime,
  Where sky above and earth beneath expands:
  And yet a nobler relic still demands
The grateful homage of a passing rhyme.

Beneath the cliff yon humble roof behold!
Poor as our Saviour's birthplace; yet a fold,
  Where the good shepherd, in this quiet vale,
Gathers his flock, and feeds them, as of old,
  With bread from heaven: — I change my note; — all hail!
  The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee, Dale!

James Montgomery.

Darley Dale.

A TRADITION OF OKER HILL IN DARLEY DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

'TIS said that to the brow of yon fair hill
Two brothers clomb, and, turning face from face,
Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
A chosen tree; then, eager to fulfil
Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they
In opposite directions urged their way
Down from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill
Or blight that fond memorial; — the trees grew,
And now entwine their arms; but ne'er again

Embraced those brothers upon earth's wide plain;
Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew,
Until their spirits mingled in the sea
That to itself takes all, Eternity.

William Wordsworth.

Dart, the River.

THE RIVER DART.

THE quiet of the moonlight hour
Is stealing softly o'er my heart;
It has a deep yet nameless power,
That language cannot all impart.
I turn my steed upon the hill,
The silver Dart glides on below;
And all the vale, so lone and still,
Is bathed in one broad moonlight glow.

Beneath the garish beam of day
I've often marked this scene before,
When field and hill and moorland gray
One aspect broad of beauty wore.
I've seen the hills' majestic sweep
Reflected from the waters clear,
But never felt a charm so deep
As this which now enchains me here.

It is the solemn, silent thought,
Evoked by this impressive scene,

That makes it more with beauty fraught,
And dearer than it erst has been.
There 's such a silence o'er the hills,
Such softness o'er the stream below,
My heart with so much rapture fills,
I pause, and cannot turn to go.

I've never known a fairer scene,
A beauty matched with thine, sweet Dart!
Thou leav'st, like some soft passing dream,
An endless memory on the heart.
Like gems upon the brow of Sleep
The moonbeams on thy waters rest;
And I could almost turn and weep,
So strangely do they move my breast.

* * * * *

I would my life were like thy stream,
O silent and majestic Dart!
Of what wild beauties should I dream,
What visions sweet would throng my heart.
Eternal pleasures round my way
Would never cease to rise and shine;
And girt with beauty, day by day,
O what a matchless course were mine!

I linger still, and still I gaze,
And deeper grows my heart's delight;
My spirit swells to silent praise,
And mingles with the infinite.
O beauteous night! O starry skies!
O stream below! O moon above!

Such mingled glories round me rise,
I have no words to speak my love.

Across my spirit as I gaze
There comes a calmer sense of life,
Whose influence seems my soul to raise
Above the common toil and strife.
A pensive calm, an inward glow
Of holy thoughts too seldom given,
That seem to bless me as I go,
And whisper like a voice from heaven.

Sydney Hodges.

Dartmoor.

DARTMOOR.

WILD Dartmoor! thou that midst thy mountains rude
Hast robed thyself with haughty solitude,
As a dark cloud on summer's clear blue sky, —
A mourner circled with festivity!
For all beyond is life! — the rolling sea,
The rush, the swell, whose echoes reach not thee.
Yet who shall find a scene so wild and bare
But man has left his lingering traces there!
E'en on mysterious Afric's boundless plains,
Where noon with attributes of midnight reigns,
In gloom and silence fearfully profound,

As of a world unwaked to soul or sound.
Though the sad wanderer of the burning zone
Feels, as amidst infinity, alone,
And naught of life be near, his camel's tread
Is o'er the prostrate cities of the dead!
Some column, reared by long-forgotten hands,
Just lifts its head above the billowy sands, —
Some mouldering shrine still consecrates the scene,
And tells that glory's footstep there hath been.
There hath the spirit of the mighty passed,
Not without record; though the desert blast,
Borne on the wings of Time, hath swept away
The proud creations reared to brave decay.
But *thou*, lone region! whose unnoticed name
No lofty deeds have mingled with their fame,
Who shall unfold thine annals? who shall tell
If on thy soil the sons of heroes fell,
In those far ages which have left no trace,
No sunbeam, on the pathway of their race?
Though, haply, in the unrecorded days
Of kings and chiefs who passed without their praise,
Thou might'st have reared the valiant and the free,
In history's page there is no tale of thee.

Yet hast thou thy memorials. On the wild
Still rise the cairns of yore, all rudely piled,
But hallowed by that instinct which reveres
Things fraught with characters of elder years.
And such are these. Long centuries are flown,
Bowed many a crest and shattered many a throne,
Mingling the urn, the trophy, and the bust,

With what they hide, — their shrined and treasured dust.
Men traverse alps and oceans, to behold
Earth's glorious works fast mingling with her mould;
But still these nameless chronicles of death,
Midst the deep silence of the unpeopled heath,
Stand in primeval artlessness, and wear
The same sepulchral mien, and almost share
The eternity of nature with the forms
Of the crowned hills beyond, the dwellings of the storms.

* * * * *

But ages rolled away; and England stood
With her proud banner streaming o'er the flood;
And with a lofty calmness in her eye,
And regal in collected majesty,
To breast the storm of battle. Every breeze
Bore sounds of triumph o'er her own blue seas;
And other lands, redeemed and joyous, drank
The lifeblood of her heroes, as they sank
On the red fields they won; whose wild flowers wave
Now in luxuriant beauty o'er their grave.

'T was then the captives of Britannia's war
Here for their lovely southern climes afar
In bondage pined; the spell-deluded throng
Dragged at Ambition's chariot-wheels so long
To die, — because a despot could not clasp
A sceptre fitted to his boundless grasp!

Yes! they whose march hath rocked the ancient thrones
And temples of the world, — the deepening tones
Of whose advancing trumpet from repose

Had startled nations, wakening to their woes, —
Were prisoners here. And there were some whose dreams
Were of sweet homes, by chainless mountain streams,
And of the vine-clad hills, and many a strain
And festal melody of Loire or Seine;
And of those mothers who had watched and wept,
When on the field the unsheltered conscript slept,
Bathed with the midnight dews. And some were there
Of sterner spirits, hardened by despair;
Who, in their dark imaginings, again
Fired the rich palace and the stately fane,
Drank in their victim's shriek as music's breath,
And lived o'er scenes, the festivals of death!

* * * * *

Yes! let the waste lift up the exulting voice!
Let the far-echoing solitudes rejoice!
And thou, lone moor! where no blithe reaper's song
E'er lightly sped the summer-hours along,
Bid thy wild rivers, from each mountain source
Rushing in joy, make music on their course!
Thou, whose sole records of existence mark
The scene of barbarous rites, in ages dark,
And of some nameless combat; Hope's bright eye
Beams o'er thee in the light of prophecy!
Yet shalt thou smile, by busy culture drest,
And the rich harvest wave upon thy breast!
Yet shall thy cottage-smoke, at dewy morn,
Rise in blue wreaths above the flowering thorn,
And, midst thy hamlet-shades, the embosomed spire
Catch from deep-kindling heavens their earliest fire.

Felicia Hemans.

DARTMOOR.

In sunlight and in shade,
Repose and storm, wide waste! I since have trod
Thy hill and dale magnificent. Again
I seek thy solitudes profound, in this
Thy hour of deep tranquillity, when rests
The sunbeam on thee, and thy desert seems
To sleep in the unwonted brightness, calm,
But stern; for, though the spirit of the Spring
Breathes on thee, to the charmer's whisper kind
Thou listenest not, nor ever puttest on
A robe of beauty, as the fields that bud
And blossom near thee. Yet I love to tread
Thy central wastes, where not a sound intrudes
Upon the ear but rush of wing or leap
Of the hoarse waterfall. And O, 't is sweet
To list the music of thy torrent streams;
For thou too hast thy minstrelsies for him
Who from their liberal mountain-urn delights
To trace thy waters, as from source to sea
They rush tumultuous.

Noel Thomas Carrington.

Dartside.

DARTSIDE. 1849.

I CANNOT tell what you say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, rosy rocks,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, brown streams,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know that in you too a spirit doth live,
And a word doth speak this day.

"O, green is the color of faith and truth,
And rose the color of love and youth,
And brown of the fruitful clay.
Sweet Earth is faithful and fruitful and young,
And her bridal day shall come erelong,
And you shall know what the rocks and the streams
And the whispering woodlands say."

Charles Kingsley.

Dawlish.

A DEVONSHIRE LANE,

A SIMILE.

IN a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along
T' other day, much in want of a subject for song,
Thinks I to myself I have hit on a strain, —
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place 't is long, and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as the cage holds a linnet;
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, since there 's no turning round.

But though 't is so long, it is not very wide, —
For two are the most that together can ride;
And even then 't is a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle and cross and run foul of each other.

Oft Poverty greets them with mendicant looks,
And Care pushes by them o'erladen with crooks,
And Strife's grating wheels try between them to pass,
Or Stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the banks are so high, both to left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around from the sight;

And hence you'll allow, — 't is an inference plain, —
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But, thinks I too, these banks within which we are pent,
With bud, blossom, and berry are richly besprent;
And the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam
Looks lovely, when decked with the comforts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose,
And the ever-green love of a virtuous wife
Smooths the roughness of care, cheers the winter of life.

Then long be the journey and narrow the way!
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay;
And, whate'er others think, be the last to complain,
Though marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

John Marriot.

Dean-Bourn.

DEAN-BOURN, A RUDE RIVER IN DEVON.

DEAN–BOURN, farewell; I never look to see
Deane, or thy warty incivility.
Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy streams,
And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extreames,
To my content, I never sho'd behold,
Were thy streams silver, or thy rocks all gold.

Rockie thou art; and rockie we discover
Thy men; and rockie are thy wayes all over.
O men, O manners! now, and ever knowne
To be a rockie generation!
A people currish, churlish as the seas,
And rude, almost, as rudest salvages;
With whom I did, and may re-sojourne when
Rockes turn to rivers, rivers turn to men.

Robert Herrick.

Dean Priory.

DISCONTENTS IN DEVON.

MORE discontents I never had
Since I was born then here,
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devonshire.
Yet justly too I must confesse,
I ne'r invented such
Ennobled numbers for the presse,
Then where I loath'd so much.

Robert Herrick.

Dee, the River.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee."
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land;
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,—
A tress of golden hair,
Of drownéd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

Charles Kingsley.

Derbyshire, the Peak.

AN ODE WRITTEN IN THE PEAK.

THIS while we are abroad
  Shall we not touch our lyre?
Shall we not sing an ode?
  Shall that holy fire,
In us that strongly glowed,
  In this cold air expire?

Long since the summer laid
  Her lusty bravery down,
The autumn half is way'd,
  And Boreas 'gins to frown,
Since now I did behold
  Great Brute's first builded town.

Though in the utmost Peak
  Awhile we do remain,
Amongst the mountains bleak
  Exposed to sleet and rain,
No sport our hours shall break
  To exercise our vein.

What though bright Phœbus' beams
  Refresh the southern ground,
And though the princely Thames
  With beauteous nymphs abound,

And by old Camber's streams
Be many wonders found:

Yet many rivers clear
Here glide in silver swathes,
And what of all most dear,
Buxton's delicious baths,
Strong ale and noble cheer,
To assuage breem winter's scathes.

Those grim and horrid caves,
Whose looks affright the day,
Wherein nice Nature saves
What she would not bewray,
Our better leisure craves
And doth invite our lay.

In places far or near,
Or famous or obscure,
Where wholesome is the air,
Or where the most impure,
All times and everywhere
The Muse is still in ure.

Michael Drayton.

THE PEAK MOUNTAINS.

EMERGING from the caverned glen,
From steep to steep I slowly climb,
And, far above the haunts of men,
I tread in air sublime:

Beneath my path the swallows sweep;
Yet higher crags impend,
And wild-flowers from the fissures peep,
And rills descend.

Now on the ridges bare and bleak,
Cool round my temples sighs the gale:
Ye winds! that wander o'er the Peak,
Ye mountain spirits, hail!
Angels of health! to man below
Ye bring celestial airs;
Bear back to Him from whom ye blow
Our praise and prayers.

Here, like the eagle from his nest,
I take my proud and dizzy stand;
Here, from the cliff's sublimest crest,
Look down upon the land:
O for the eagle's eye to gaze
Undazzled through this light!
O for the eagle's wings to raise
O'er all my flight!

The sun in glory walks the sky,
White fleecy clouds are floating round,
Whose shapes along the landscape fly, —
Here, checkering o'er the ground,
There, down the glens the shadows sweep,
With changing lights between;
Yonder they climb the upland steep,
Shifting the scene.

Above, beneath, immensely spread,
Valleys and hoary rocks I view,
Heights over heights exalt their head
Of many a sombre hue;
No waving woods their flanks adorn,
No hedge-rows, gay with trees,
Encircled fields, where floods of corn
Roll to the breeze.

My soul this vast horizon fills,
Within whose undulated line
Thick stand the multitude of hills,
And clear the waters shine;
Gray mossy walls the slopes ascend;
While roads, that tire the eye,
Upward their winding course extend,
And touch the sky.

With rude diversity of form,
The insulated mountains tower;
Oft o'er these cliffs the transient storm
And partial darkness lower,
While yonder summits far away
Shine sweetly through the gloom,
Like glimpses of eternal day.
Beyond the tomb.

* * * * *

James Montgomery.

Derwent, the River.

THE RIVER DERWENT.

Was it for this
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,
And from his alder shades and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
That flowed along my dreams? For this didst thou,
O Derwent! winding among grassy holms
Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,
Make ceaseless music that composed my thoughts
To more than infant softness, giving me
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves.
When he had left the mountains and received
On his smooth breast the shadow of those towers
That yet survive, a shattered monument
Of feudal sway, the bright blue river passed
Along the margin of our terrace walk;
A tempting playmate whom we dearly loved.
O, many a time have I, a five-years' child,
In a small mill-race severed from his stream
Made one long bathing of a summer's day;
Basked in the sun, and plunged and basked again
Alternate, all a summer's day, or scoured
The sandy fields, leaping through flowery groves

Of yellow ragwort; or when rock and hill,
The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lofty height,
Were bronzed with deepest radiance, stood alone
Beneath the sky, as if I had been born
On Indian plains, and from my mother's hut
Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport,
A naked savage, in the thunder-shower.

William Wordsworth.

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE STOOD ON ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND, DERWENT WATER.

IF thou in the dear love of some one friend
Hast been so happy that thou know'st what thoughts
Will sometimes in the happiness of love
Make the heart sink, then wilt thou reverence
This quiet spot; and, Stranger! not unmoved
Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of stones,
The desolate ruins of St. Herbert's cell.
Here stood his threshold; here was spread the roof
That sheltered him, a self-secluded man,
After long exercise in social cares
And offices humane, intent to adore
The Deity, with undistracted mind,
And meditate on everlasting things,
In utter solitude. But he had left
A fellow-laborer, whom the good man loved
As his own soul. And when, with eye upraised
To heaven, he knelt before the crucifix,
While o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore
Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced

Along the beach of this small isle and thought
Of his companion, he would pray that both
(Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)
Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain
So prayed he; — as our chronicles report,
Though here the hermit numbered his last day
Far from St. Cuthbert, his beloved friend,
Those holy men both died in the same hour.

William Wordsworth.

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

AMONG the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream!
Thou near the eagle's nest, — within brief sail,
I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,
Where thy deep voice could lull me! Faint the beam
Of human life when first allowed to gleam
On mortal notice. Glory of the vale,
Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail,
Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam
Of thy soft breath! Less vivid wreath entwined
Nemæan victor's brow; less bright was worn
Meed of some Roman chief, in triumph borne
With captives chained, and shedding from his car
The sunset splendors of a finished war
Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

William Wordsworth.

Ditchling.

STANZAS.

ON THE CEMETERY AT DITCHLING.

The graves in the Dissenters' burial-ground at Ditchling have no monumental stones, but are covered with evergreens and flowering shrubs.

WHAT though no marbles mark this hallowed spot,
Where youth and age and worth and beauty sleep,
Nor epitaphs declare the mortal lot
Of those who here eternal silence keep,
Yet o'er these mossy beds the willows weep,
And yew and cypress shed a solemn gloom,
And morning's mists with dew their tresses steep,
Diffusing freshness o'er the verdant tomb.

Mute but expressive emblems! well ye teach
The fate of those whose relics here repose;
More forcibly than moralist can preach,
Their present, past, and future state disclose.
For who that views yon fragrant blushing rose,
Shedding its sweetness through the balmy air,
Nor deems that loveliness from all its woes
And all its wrongs hath found a shelter there!

Yes, that fair flower blooms o'er a brother's boast,
A mother's joy, a doating father's pride;
Brief is the tale: her fondest hopes were crossed, —
She loved, — was slighted, — murmured not, — but died!

And sweetly by that flower is typified
Her loveliness and spotless purity;
And the green myrtle, waving by its side,
Her certain hope of immortality!

The sable yew-tree throws its solemn shade
O'er yon green mound in dreary loneliness,
And tells that he who there in death is laid,
While living was the victim of distress;
His youth was folly, and his age no less; —
But let that pass: his was the lot of all
Who seek in vanity for happiness,
And when too late their hours would fain recall.

Beneath those cedars rest a gentle pair,
Of lowly station and of humble name;
Their peaceful course was free from pain and care; —
In life they were but one, in death the same:
And well their virtues may the tribute claim
With which affection has adorned the spot.
Ah! who would covet wealth or power or fame,
If happiness like theirs could be his lot?

Where yonder bay erects his graceful form,
There sleeps the hapless, gifted child of song;
No more exposed to envy's bitter storm,
Nor longer keenly feeling every wrong:
And there is one who loves to linger long
Where the green turf his hallowed dust enshrines;
And, hiding from the giddy, senseless throng
Her hopeless misery, o'er his fate repines!

Yon holly marks the village lawyer's grave,
Those oaks the patriot's ashes canopy,
The laurels o'er the sleeping warrior wave,
And yonder spring flowers shelter infancy.
Lady! when in the dust this form shall lie,
If then thy breast my memory would recall,
Let the dark cypress tell my destiny,
And the green ivy form my funeral pall.

Gideon Algernon Mantell.

Donnerdale.

THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

THE old inventive poets, had they seen,
Or rather felt, the entrancement that detains
Thy waters, Duddon! mid these flowery plains,
The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,
Transferred to bowers imperishably green,
Had beautified Elysium! But these chains
Will soon be broken;—a rough course remains,
Rough as the past; where thou, of placid mien,
Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,
And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky,
Shalt change thy temper, and, with many a shock
Given and received in mutual jeopardy,
Dance, like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,
Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high!

William Wordsworth.

Dorchester.

DORCHESTER HILLS.

WHO may misprize Dorchestrian hills? What though
They tower to no such height as looks with scorn
Over a dwindled plain; what though no crags
Be there to fortify; no forest belts
To gird them midway round; yet theirs, instead,
Are graceful slopes with shadowy dips between,
And theirs are breezy summits, not too high
To recognize familiar sights, and catch
Familiar sounds of life, — the ploughman's call,
Or tinkling from the fold. Yet thence the eye
Feeds on no stinted landscape, sky and earth
And the blue sea; and thence may wingéd thought,
Which ever loves the vantage-ground of hills,
Launch amid buoyant air, and soar at will.

Fair, amid these, art thou, camp-crested Mount,
In some far time, for some forgotten cause,
Named of the Maiden.[1] Nor doth surer lore
Attest if Briton or if Roman wound
These triple trenches round thee; regular
As terraces, by architect upbuilt
For princely pleasure-ground, or those, far-famed,
By ancient hunters made — so some have deemed —
Or else by Nature's self in wild Glenroy.
Along thy sides they stretch, ring above ring,

[1] Maiden Castle is a hill, with a camp on it, near Dorchester.

Marking thee from afar; then vanish round
Like the broad shingly banks which ocean heaves
In noble curves along his winding shore.
The passing wayfarer with wonder views,
E'en at imperfect distance, their bold lines,
And asks the who, the wherefore, and the when;
Wafting his spirit back into far times,
And dreaming as he goes. But whoso stays,
And climbs the turf-way to thy tabled top,
Shall reap a fuller wonder; shall behold
Thy girdled area, of itself a plain,
Where widely feeds the scattered flock; shall mark
Thy trenches, complicate with warlike art,
And deep almost as natural ravine
Cut in the mountain; or some startling rent
In the blue-gleaming glacier; or as clefts,
Severing the black and jagged lava-walls,
Which old Vesuvius round his crater flings, —
Outworks, to guard the mysteries within.
But these are smooth and verdant. Tamed long since,
Breastwork abrupt and palisaded mound
Are, now, but sloping greensward; as if Nature,
Who vainly her mild moral reads to man,
Still strove to realize the blessed days,
By seers avouched, by statesmen turned to dreams,
When war shall be no more.
So mused I there!
As who had failed to muse? But now the sun,
Silently sunken, with departing light
Had fused the whole horizon; not alone
His western realm, but flooded refluent gold

Back to the southern hills, along whose tops
Are seen to stretch, in far continuous line,
Sepulchral barrows. Brightly-verdant cones
I marked them rise beneath his earlier ray;
But now they stood against that orange light
Each of a velvet blackness, like the bier
Before some high-illumined altar spread
When a king lies in state; and well might seem
To twilight fantasy like funeral palls,
Shrouding the bones of aboriginal men,
Who there had lived and died, long ere our tribes
Had heard the name or felt the conquering arms
Of Rome or Roman; or as yet had seen,
Mocking their hearths of clay and turf-built huts,
The prætor's quaint mosaic or tiled bath;
Or heard our hard school-task, the phrase of Terence
Bandied in common parlance round the land.

* * * * *

John Kenyon.

Doulting.

LINES

WRITTEN UPON DOULTING SHEEP-SLATE, NEAR SHEPTON MALLET, SOMERSETSHIRE.

I KNELT down as I poured my spirit forth by that gray gate,
In the fulness of my gratitude and with a joy sedate;
Alone on that wild heath I stood, and offered up apart
The frankincense of love that, fount-like, gushed from my deep heart.

And while I breathed that thankfulness, and felt its holy
glow,
And my heart gathered gladness in its calm and equal
flow,
While the sun shone within me, and the air elastic played,
And to and fro the wheat-field like the wavy ocean
swayed;

And while the black firs tossed their boughs against the
intense blue,
Light glinting on the grassy sward as broken rays flashed
through,
I felt that Nature answered like an angel from her throne,
And echoed back the rapture of my bosom from her own.

I saw the rich red pathway in the opening distance rolled,
As if it led through vistas to some throne or shore of gold,
And while the light breeze murmured there like sighs
of love suppressed,
My heart poured forth its blessing on the loveliness it
blessed.

I felt I stood on sacred ground that hallowed was to me,
To boyhood's years far faded on the verge of memory:
Sacred to me the gray-haired man who drank God's
blessed air,
Though thirty years had rolled away since last I entered
there!

The oak drooped o'er that gate, a withered thing in
dead repose,
Gray Doulting's spire above the waste a sheeted spectre
rose;

And Mendip's bleak and barren heights again enclosed me round,
Like faces of forgotten friends met on forgotten ground.

But heath and landscape, boundless once, were shrunken: all was changed:
I felt I stood a stranger there, the place and me estranged:
Each glance was memory, each step a joy, a welcome sense
Of gratitude's fine ecstasy, calm, voiceless, but intense.

All stirring impulses of life were sobered by the scene,
While staid Reflection looked within the glass of what had been;
For not a mound I trod upon was unforgot, nor tree
Rose in that surging scene whose image had not entered me.

* * * * *

John Edmund Reade.

Dovedale.

THE SPRINGS OF DOVE.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!

Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me!

William Wordsworth.

IN DOVEDALE.

ISAAC! still thou anglest near me
By the green banks of thy Dove,
Still thy gentle ghost may hear me
Breathe my reverence and love.

Thou, whose ears drank in the warble
Of all streams in crystal play, —
Will thy bones beneath cold marble
Lie in peace so far away?[1]

O my kindly old piscator,
See'st thou not these waters clear?
Time, thou changeling, Time, thou traitor,
Give him back, — his home was here!

Lo! at yonder bend he standeth,
Where round rocks the wave bells out,
See! with skilful touch he landeth
Now a grayling, now a trout.

[1] He is buried in Winchester Cathedral.

Stream of beauty! winding, singing
Through the world's divinest dale,
Ever to thy music bringing
That old spirit calm and pale!

Learnéd in all honest learning,
Trustful, truthful, pure of heart;
Peaceful, blameless honor earning
By the magic of his art.

In life's fitful turmoil often
Have I longed to be like him,
And have felt my nature soften
Musing on that phantom dim, —

Now a trout and now a grayling
Luring from the shaded pool,
God's white clouds high o'er him sailing,
All around the beautiful!

Henry Glassford Bell.

THE RETIREMENT.

FAREWELL, thou busy world! and may
We never meet again!
Here I can eat and sleep and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age outwears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where naught but vanity and vice do reign.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
  How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
  What peace! what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion
Is all our business, all our recreation!

O, how happy here's our leisure!
O, how innocent our pleasure!
O ye valleys! O ye mountains!
O ye groves and crystal fountains,
How I love at liberty,
By turns, to come and visit ye!

Dear Solitude, the soul's best friend,
  That man acquainted with himself doth make,
And, all his Maker's wonders to entend,
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
  For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
  Is it, alone
To read and meditate and write,
  By none offended and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease;
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

O my beloved nymph! fair Dove!
Princess of rivers! how I love
  Upon the flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream
When gilded by a summer's beam!
  And in it all thy wanton fry
  Playing at liberty;
And, with my angle, upon them
  The all of treachery
  I ever learned industriously to try.

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
The Iberian Tagus or Ligurian Po;
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine
Are puddle-water all, compared with thine;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine much purer to compare;
The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority;
Nay, Thame and Isis when conjoined submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

O my beloved rocks! that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies;
From some aspiring mountain's crown,
  How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down,
  And from the vales to view the noble heights above!
O my beloved caves! from Dog-star's heat

And all anxieties my safe retreat,
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft, when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society
Even of my dearest friends, have I
  In your recesses' friendly shade
  All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes intrusted to your privacy!

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
  Should I think myself to be,
Might I, in this desert place,
Which most men in discourse disgrace,
Live but undisturbed and free!
Here in this despised recess
  Would I, maugre winter's cold
And the summer's worst excess,
  Try to live out to sixty full years old!
And all the while,
  Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
  Contented live, and then — contented die.

Charles Cotton.

Dover.

THE CLIFFS.

THERE is a cliff whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confinéd deep.

* * * * *

Come on, sir; here 's the place; — stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond' tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high: — I 'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

* * * * *

From the dread summit of this chalky bourn
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard.

William Shakespeare.

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

ROCKS of my country! let the cloud
Your crested heights array,
And rise ye like a fortress proud
Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets you as ye stand
Breasting the billow's foam:
O, thus forever guard the land,
The severed land of home!

I have left rich blue skies behind,
Lighting up classic shrines,
And music in the southern wind,
And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers
Have floated o'er my way;
The pilgrim's voice, at vesper hours,
Hath soothed me with its lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
The purple heavens of Rome, —
Yes, all are glorious; yet again
I bless thee, land of home!

For thine the sabbath peace, my land!
And thine the guarded hearth;
And thine the dead, — the noble band
That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze,
Their steps are on thy plains;
Their names, by old majestic trees,
Are whispered round thy fanes.

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
Of thine exulting sea;
O, be it still a joy, a pride,
To live and die for thee!

Felicia Hemans.

LINES

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVER, ON THE DAY OF LANDING.

HERE, on our native soil, we breathe once more.
The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound
Of bells; — those boys who in yon meadow-ground
In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore; —
All, all are English. Oft have I looked round
With joy in Kent's green vales; but never found
Myself so satisfied in heart before.
Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass,
Thought for another moment. Thou art free,
My country! and 't is joy enough and pride
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
Of England once again, and hear and see,
With such a dear companion at my side.

William Wordsworth.

NEAR DOVER.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
The coast of France, — the coast of France how near!
Drawn almost into frightful neighborhood.
I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters: yet what power is there!
What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us, if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and power, and Deity;
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul
Only, the nations shall be great and free.

William Wordsworth.

DOVER HOTEL.

DON JUAN now saw Albion's earliest beauties,
Thy cliffs, *dear* Dover, harbor, and hotel;
Thy custom-house, with all its delicate duties;
Thy waiters running mucks at every bell;
Thy packets, all whose passengers are booties
To those who upon land or water dwell;
And last, not least, to strangers uninstructed,
Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is deducted.

Lord Byron.

DOVER CLIFFS.

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood
Uprear their shadowing heads, and at their feet
Hear not the surge that has for ages beat,
How many a lonely wanderer has stood!
And, whilst the lifted murmurs met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still eve
Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To-morrow, of the friends he loved most dear;
Of social scenes, from which he wept to part!
Oh! if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide, —
The world his country, and his God his guide.

William Lisle Bowles.

DOVER BEACH.

THE sea is calm to-night,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the Straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only from the long line of spray
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanched sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,

At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.
The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Matthew Arnold

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE.

I STOOD beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
With not the less of sorrow and of awe
On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
With name no clearer than the names unknown
Which lay unread around it; and I asked
The gardener of that ground, why it might be
That for this plant strangers his memory tasked
Through the thick deaths of half a century?
And thus he answered: "Well, I do not know
Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;
He died before my day of sextonship,
And I had not the digging of this grave."
And is this all? I thought; and do we rip
The veil of immortality, and crave
I know not what of honor and of light
Through unborn ages, to endure this blight,
So soon, and so successless? As I said,
The Architect of all on which we tread —
For earth is but a tombstone — did essay
To extricate remembrance from the clay,
Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,
Were it not that all life must end in one,
Of which we are but dreamers. As he caught
As 't were the twilight of a former sun,
Thus spoke he: "I believe the man of whom
You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,

Was a most famous writer in his day,
And therefore travellers step from out their way
To pay him honor, — and myself whate'er
Your honor pleases." Then most pleased I shook
From out my pocket's avaricious nook
Some certain coins of silver, which as 't were
Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
So much but inconveniently: — ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
You are the fools, not I; for I did dwell
With a deep thought and with a softened eye
On that old sexton's natural homily,
In which there was obscurity and fame, —
The glory and the nothing of a name.

Lord Byron.

Duddon, the River.

TO THE RIVER DUDDON.

CHILD of the clouds! remote from every taint
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;
Thine are the honors of the lofty waste;
Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,
Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint
Thy cradle decks; — to chant thy birth, thou hast
No meaner poet than the whistling blast,
And Desolation is thy patron-saint!

She guards thee, ruthless power! who would not spare
Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,
Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair,
Through paths and alleys roofed with sombre green,
Thousands of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen!

William Wordsworth.

THE STEPPING-STONES.

THE struggling rill insensibly is grown
Into a brook of loud and stately march,
Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch;
And, for like use, lo! what might seem a zone
Chosen for ornament, — stone matched with stone
In studied symmetry, with interspace
For the clear waters to pursue their race
Without restraint. How swiftly have they flown,
Succeeding, — still succeeding! Here the child
Puts, when the high-swollen flood runs fierce and wild,
His budding courage to the proof; and here
Declining manhood learns to note the sly
And sure encroachments of infirmity,
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near!

William Wordsworth.

O MOUNTAIN stream! the shepherd and his cot
Are privileged inmates of deep solitude;
Nor would the nicest anchorite exclude
A field or two of brighter green, or plot
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot
Of stationary sunshine: — thou hast viewed
These only, Duddon! with their paths renewed
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.
Thee hath some awful spirit impelled to leave,
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,
Though simple thy companions were and few;
And through this wilderness a passage cleave,
Attended but by thy own voice, save when
The clouds and fowls of the air thy way pursue!

William Wordsworth.

FROM this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play
Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold
A gloomy niche, capacious, blank, and cold;
A concave free from shrubs and mosses gray;
In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,
Some statue, placed amid these regions old
For tutelary service, thence had rolled,
Startling the flight of timid yesterday!
Was it by mortals sculptured? — weary slaves
Of slow endeavor! or abruptly cast
Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast
Tempestuously let loose from central caves?

Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,
Then when o'er highest hills the deluge passed?

William Wordsworth.

WHENCE that low voice? A whisper from the heart,
That told of days long past, when here I roved
With friends and kindred tenderly beloved;
Some who had early mandates to depart,
Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart
By Duddon's side; once more do we unite,
Once more beneath the kind earth's tranquil light,
And smothered joys into new being start.
From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
Of time, breaks forth triumphant Memory;
Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and free
As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
On gales that breathe too gently to recall
Aught of the fading year's inclemency!

William Wordsworth.

TO WORDSWORTH,

ON VISITING THE DUDDON.

I.

SO long as Duddon 'twixt his cloud-girt walls
Thridding the woody chambers of the hills
Warbles from vaulted grot and pebbled halls
Welcome or farewell to the meadow rills;
So long as linnets chant low madrigals
Near that brown nook the laborer whistling tills,

Or the late-reddening apple forms and falls
Mid dewy brakes the autumnal redbreast thrills,
So long, last poet of the great old race,
Shall thy broad song through England's bosom roll,
A river singing anthems in its place,
And be to later England as a soul.
Glory to Him who made thee, and increase
To them that hear thy word, of love and peace!

II.

When first that precinct sacrosanct I trod
Autumn was there, but Autumn just begun;
Fronting the portals of a sinking sun,
The queen of quietude in vapor stood,
Her sceptre o'er the dimly crimsoned wood
Resting in light. The year's great work was done;
Summer had vanished, and repinings none
Troubled the pulse of thoughtful gratitude.
Wordsworth! the autumn of our English song
Art thou; 't was thine our vesper psalms to sing:
Chaucer sang matins; sweet his note and strong,
His singing-robe the green, white garb of Spring:
Thou like the dying year art rightly stoled, —
Pontific purple and dark harvest gold.

Aubrey de Vere.

Dupath Well.

DUPATH WELL.

HEAR how the noble Siward died!
The leech hath told the woful bride
'T is vain: his passing hour is nigh,
And death must quench her warrior's eye.

"Bring me," he said, "the steel I wore,
When Dupath spring was dark with gore;
The spear I raised for Githa's glove,
Those trophies of my wars and love."

Upright he sate within the bed,
The helm on his unyielding head;
Sternly he leaned upon his spear,
He knew his passing hour was near.

"Githa! thine hand!" How wild that cry,
How fiercely glared his flashing eye!
"Sound! herald!" was his shout of pride:
Hear how the noble Siward died.

A roof must shade that storied stream,
Her dying lord's remembered theme;
A daily vow that lady said,
Where glory wreathed the hero dead.

Gaze, maiden, gaze on Dupath Well.
Time yet hath spared that solemn cell,
In memory of old love and pride:
Hear how the noble Siward died.

Robert Stephen Hawker.

Durham.

DURHAM.

THIS city is celebrated
In the whole empire of the Britons.
The road to it is steep.
It is surrounded with rocks,
And with curious plants.
The Wear flows round it,
A river of rapid waves;
And there live in it
Fishes of various kinds,
Mingling with the floods.
And there grow
Great forests;
There live in the recesses
Wild animals of many sorts;
In the deep valleys
Deer innumerable.
There is in this city
Also well known to men

The venerable St. Cudberth;
And the head of the chaste King
Oswald, the lion of the Angli;
And Aiden, the Bishop:
Aedbert and Aedfrid,
The noble associates.
There is in it also
Aethelwold, the Bishop;
And the celebrated writer Bede;
And the Abbot Boisil,
By whom the chaste Cudberth
Was in his youth gratis instructed;
Who also well received the instructions.
There rest with these saints,
In the inner part of the Minster,
Relicks innumerable,
Which perform many miracles,
As the chronicles tell us,
And which await with them
The judgment of the Lord.

Anglo-Saxon Poem.

THE AISLE OF TOMBS.

THE interior of Chester-le-Street Church, Durham, contains a singular collection of monuments, bearing effigies of the deceased ancestry of the Lumley family, from the time of Liulphus to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

THE quiet and the chillness
Of the aisle of tombs;
The shadow and the stillness

A rosy light illumes:
Like the memory of the past,
On the carvéd arms delaying,
On the marble pall
O'er the blood-red scutcheon playing
With a crimson fall,
Into sudden sunshine cast
Are the ancient warriors,
The warriors of olden time.

So with kindled heart we love them,
Dwelling on their fame;
So doth memory fling above them
Its shadow of a name,
Noblest shadow flung on earth:
We remember many a story
Of the old chivalric day,
When the red-cross, like a glory,
Shone above the fray;
'T was a glorious age gave birth
To the ancient warriors,
The warriors of olden time.

Though the sword no more be trusted
As it was of old,
Though the shining spear be rusted
And the right hand cold,
They have left their fame behind;
Still a spirit from their slumbers
Rises true and brave,

Asks the minstrel for his numbers,
Music from their grave:
Noble, gentle, valiant, kind,
Were the ancient warriors,
The warriors of olden time.

All their meaner part hath perished,
In the earth at rest;
And the present hour hath cherished
What of them was best.
What a knight should be we keep.
For the present doth inherit
All the glories of the past;
We retain what was its spirit,
While its dust to dust is cast.
All good angels guard the sleep
Of the ancient warriors,
The warriors of olden time.

Anonymous.

Eden, the River.

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND.

EDEN! till now thy beauty had I viewed
By glimpses only, and confess with shame
That verse of mine, whate'er its varying mood,
Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet name:

Yet fetched from Paradise that honor came,
Rightfully borne; for Nature gives thee flowers
That have no rival among British bowers,
And thy bold rocks are worthy of their fame.
Measuring thy course, fair Stream! at length I pay
To my life's neighbor dues of neighborhood;
But I have traced thee on thy winding way
With pleasure sometimes by this thought restrained,
For things far off we toil, while many a good
Not sought, because too near, is never gained.

William Wordsworth.

THE MONUMENT,

COMMONLY CALLED LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN.

A WEIGHT of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my spirit, — cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that family forlorn.
Speak thou, whose massy strength and stature scorn
The power of years, — pre-eminent, and placed
Apart, to overlook the circle vast, —
Speak, giant-mother! tell it to the Morn
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of night;
Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud;
At whose behest uprose on British ground
That sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite,
The inviolable God, that tames the proud!

William Wordsworth.

Edenhall.

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall;
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light:
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the fountain-sprite;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

"'T was right a goblet the fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!

Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang! — with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift the wild flames start;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!"

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
He in the night had scaled the wall.
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hands the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,

He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

Johann Ludwig Uhland.
Tr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Edmonton.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN,

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair

Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That 's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came; the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels;
Were never folks so glad!
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he; "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,

In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around,

"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'T is for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house,"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."
Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? — his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly, — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall. —

Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here, —
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'T was for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,

"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein,

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry: —

"Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The tollmen thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, "Long live the king,
And, Gilpin, long live he!
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!"

William Cowper.

Ely.

ELY ABBEY.

MERIE sungen the muneches binnen Ely,
Tha Cnut ching reuther by;
Roweth, cnihtes, noer the land,
And here we thes muneches sang.

Anglo-Saxon Rhyme.

CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the mere,
From monks in Ely chanting service high,
While-as Canute the king is rowing by.
"My oarsmen," quoth the mighty king, "draw near,
That we the sweet song of the monks may hear!"
He listens (all past conquests and all schemes

Of future vanishing like empty dreams)
Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.
The royal minstrel, ere the choir is still,
While his free barge skims the smooth flood along,
Gives to that rapture an accordant rhyme.
O suffering Earth! be thankful; sternest clime
And rudest age are subject to the thrill
Of heaven-descended piety and song.

William Wordsworth.

THE CATHEDRAL TOMBS.

"Post tempestatem tranquillitas."
Epitaph in Ely Cathedral.

THEY lie, with upraised hands, and feet
Stretched like dead feet that walk no more,
And stony masks oft human sweet,
As if the olden look each wore,
Familiar curves of lip and eye,
Were wrought by some fond memory.

All waiting: the new-coffined dead,
The handful of mere dust that lies
Sarcophagused in stone and lead
Under the weight of centuries:
Knight, cardinal, bishop, abbess mild,
With last week's buried year-old child.

After the tempest cometh peace,
After long travail sweet repose;

These folded palms, these feet that cease
From any motion, are but shows
Of — what? *What* rest? *How* rest they? *Where?*
The generations naught declare.

Dark grave, unto whose brink we come,
Drawn nearer by all nights and days;
Each after each, thy solemn gloom
We pierce with momentary gaze,
Then go, unwilling or content,
The way that all our fathers went.

Is there no voice or guiding hand
Arising from the awful void,
To say, "Fear not the silent land;
Would He make aught to be destroyed?
Would He? or can He? What know we
Of Him who is Infinity?

Strong Love, which taught us human love,
Helped us to follow through all spheres
Some soul that did sweet dead lips move,
Lived in dear eyes in smiles and tears, —
Love, once so near our flesh allied
That "Jesus wept" when Lazarus died; —

Eagle-eyed Faith that can see God
In worlds without and heart within;
In sorrow by the smart o' the rod,
In guilt by the anguish of the sin;
In everything pure, holy, fair,
God saying to man's soul, "I am there"; —

These only, twin-archangels, stand
  Above the abyss of common doom,
These only stretch the tender hand
  To us descending to the tomb,
Thus making it a bed of rest
With spices and with odors drest.

So, like one weary and worn, who sinks
  To sleep beneath long faithful eyes,
Who asks no word of love, but drinks
  The silence which is paradise,
We only cry, "Keep angelward,
And give us good rest, O good Lord!"

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

Emont (Eamont), the River.

MONASTIC RUINS.

The varied banks
Of Emont, hitherto unnamed in song,
And that monastic castle, mid tall trees,
Low standing by the margin of the stream,
A mansion visited (as fame reports)
By Sidney, where, in sight of our Helvellyn,
Or stormy Cross-fell, snatches he might pen
Of his Arcadia, by fraternal love
Inspired, — that river and those mouldering towers
Have seen us side by side, when, having clomb

The darksome windings of a broken stair,
And crept along a ridge of fractured wall,
Not without trembling, we in safety looked
Forth, through some Gothic window's open space,
And gathered with one mind a rich reward
From the far-stretching landscape, by the light
Of morning beautified, or purple eve;
Or, not less pleased, lay on some turret's head,
Catching from tufts of grass and hare-bell flowers
Their faintest whisper to the passing breeze,
Given out while midday heat oppressed the plains.

William Wordsworth.

Esthwaite.

LINES

LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A YEW-TREE, WHICH STANDS NEAR THE LAKE OF ESTHWAITE, ON A DESOLATE PART OF THE SHORE, COMMANDING A BEAUTIFUL PROSPECT.

NAY, traveller! rest. This lonely yew-tree stands
Far from all human dwelling: what if here
No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb?
What if the bee love not these barren boughs?
Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves,
That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind
By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.
Who he was
That piled these stones and with the mossy sod

First covered o'er, and taught this aged tree
With its dark arms to form a circling bower,
I well remember. He was one who owned
No common soul. In youth by science nursed,
And led by nature into a wild scene
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth
A favored being, knowing no desire
Which genius did not hallow; 'gainst the taint
Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,
And scorn, — against all enemies prepared,
All but neglect. The world, for so it thought,
Owed him no service; wherefore he at once
With indignation turned himself away,
And with the food of pride sustained his soul
In solitude. Stranger! these gloomy boughs
Had charms for him; and here he loved to sit,
His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper;
And on these barren rocks, with fern and heath
And juniper and thistle sprinkled o'er,
Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour
A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here
An emblem of his own unfruitful life;
And, lifting up his head, he then would gaze
On the more distant scene, — how lovely 't is
Thou seest! — and he would gaze till it became
Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain
The beauty, still more beauteous! Nor, that time
When Nature had subdued him to herself,
Would he forget those beings to whose minds,
Warm from the labors of benevolence,

The world and human life appeared a scene
Of kindred loveliness; then he would sigh,
With mournful joy, to think that others felt
What he must never feel; and so, lost man!
On visionary views would fancy feed,
Till his eye streamed with tears. In this deep vale
He died, — this seat his only monument.

If thou be one whose heart the holy forms
Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know that pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness, that he who feels contempt
For any living thing hath faculties
Which he has never used, that thought with him
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself doth look on one
The least of nature's works, — one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful, ever. O, be wiser, thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love;
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.

William Wordsworth.

Eton.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;

Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty,
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;

No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murtherous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind, —
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
And shame that skulks behind;
Or pining love shall waste their youth,
Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-visaged comfortless despair,
And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.
The stings of falsehood those shall try,
And hard unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen remorse with blood defiled,
And moody madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; — where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.

Thomas Gray.

Falmouth.

FALMOUTH HAVEN.

HERE Vale a lively flood, her nobler name that gives
To Falmouth, and by whom it famous ever lives,
Whose entrance is from sea so intricately wound,

Her haven angled so about her barbarous sound,
That in her quiet bay a hundred ships may ride,
Yet not the tallest mast be of the tall'st descried.

Michael Drayton.

Farrington.

A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY.

"SOME cotton has lately been imported into Farringdon, where the mills have been closed for a considerable time. The people, who were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton: the women wept over the bales and kissed them, and finally sang the Doxology over them." — *Spectator* of May 14, 1863.

"PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow."
Praise him, who sendeth joy and woe.
The Lord who takes, the Lord who gives, —
O, praise him, all that dies, and lives.

He opens and he shuts his hand,
But why, we cannot understand;
Pours and dries up his mercies' flood,
And yet is still all-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,
The mystery of God and man.
We women, when afflictions come,
We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,
He gleams out, sun-like, through our sky,

We look up, and through black clouds riven,
We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,
We have no deep philosophies:
Childlike we take both kiss and rod,
For he who loveth knoweth God.

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

Farringford.

TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

COME, when no graver cares employ,
Godfather, come and see your boy:
Your presence will be sun in winter,
Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few,
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty thousand college-councils
Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you;

Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight;

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown

All round a careless-ordered garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You 'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine:

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
And further on, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand;

Where, if below the milky steep
Some ship of battle slowly creep,
And on through zones of light and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin;
Dispute the claims, arrange the chances;
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win:

Or whether war's avenging rod
Shall lash all Europe into blood;
Till you should turn to dearer matters,
Dear to the man that is dear to God;

How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings, of the poor;
How gain in life, as life advances,
Valor and charity more and more.

Come, Maurice, come: the lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet;
But when the wreath of March has blossomed,
Crocus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here,
For those are few we hold as dear;
Nor pay but one, but come for many,
Many and many a happy year.

Alfred Tennyson.

Fletching.

THE BELLS OF FLETCHING.

THE Fletching bells, with silver chime,
Come softened o'er the distant shore;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never sang so sweet before.

A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air;
The very flowers are shut and still,
And bowed as if in prayer.

Anonymous.

Fonthill Abbey.

FONTHILL ABBEY.

THE mighty master waved his wand, and, lo!
On the astonished eye the glorious show
Burst like a vision! Spirit of the place!
Has the Arabian wizard with his mace
Smitten the barren downs, far onward spread,
And bade the enchanted palace rise instead?
Bade the dark woods their solemn shades extend
High to the clouds yon spiry tower ascend?
And starting from the umbrageous avenue
Spread the rich pile, magnificent to view?
Enter! from the arched portal look again
Back on the lessening woods and distant plain!
Ascend the steps! the high and fretted roof
Is woven by some elfin hand aloof:
Whilst from the painted windows' long array
A mellow light is shed as not of day.
How gorgeous all! O, never may the spell
Be broken that arrayed those radiant forms so well!

William Lisle Bowles.

Fountain's Abbey.

FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

ALAS, alas! those ancient towers,
Where never now the vespers ring,
But lonely at the midnight hours
Flits by the bat on dusky wing.

No more beneath the moonlight dim,
No more beneath the planet ray,
Those arches echo with the hymn
That bears life's meaner cares away.

No more within some cloistered cell,
With windows of the sculptured stone,
By sign of cross and sound of bell,
The world-worn heart can beat alone.

How needful some such tranquil place,
Let many a weary one attest,
Who turns from life's impatient race,
And asks for nothing but for rest.

How many, too heart-sick to roam
Still longer o'er the troubled wave,
Would thankful turn to such a home, —
A home already half a grave.

Anonymous.

FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

ABBEY! forever smiling pensively,
How like a thing of Nature dost thou rise,
Amid her loveliest works! as if the skies,
Clouded with grief, were arched thy roof to be,
And the tall trees were copied all from thee!
Mourning thy fortunes, — while the waters dim
Flow like the memory of thy evening hymn;
Beautiful in their sorrowing sympathy,
As if they with a weeping sister wept,
Winds name thy name! But thou, though sad, art calm,
And Time with thee his plighted troth hath kept;
For harebells deck thy brow, and at thy feet,
Where sleep the proud, the bee and redbreast meet,
Mixing thy sighs with Nature's lonely psalm.

Ebenezer Elliott.

Furness Abbey.

TO FURNESS ABBEY.

I.

GOD, with a mighty and an outstretched hand,
Stays thee from sinking, and ordains to be
His witness lifted 'twixt the Irish Sea
And that still beauteous, once faith-hallowed land.
Stand as a sign, monastic prophet, stand!

Thee, thee the speechless, God hath stablished thee
To be his Baptist, crying ceaselessly
In spiritual deserts like that Syrian sand!
Man's little race around thee creep and crawl,
And dig, and delve, and roll their thousand wheels;
Thy work is done: henceforth sabbatical
Thou restest, while the world around thee reels;
But every scar of thine and stony rent
Cries to a proud, weak age, "Repent, repent!"

II.

VIRTUE goes forth from thee and sanctifies
That once so peaceful shore whose peace is lost,
To-day doubt-dimmed, and inly tempest-tost,
Virtue most healing when sealed up it lies
In relics, like thy ruins. Enmities
Thou hast not. Thy gray towers sleep on mid dust;
But in the resurrection of the just
Thy works, contemned to-day, once more shall rise.
Guard with thy dark compeer, cloud-veiled Black Coombe,
Till then a land to nature and to grace
So dear. Thy twin in greatness, clad with gloom,
Is grander than with sunshine on his face:
Thou mid abjection and the irreverent doom
Art holier — O, how much! — to hearts not base.

Aubrey de Vere.

FURNESS ABBEY.

"Considering every day the uncertainty of life, and that the roses and flowers of kings, emperors, and dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great, wither and decay; and that all things with an uninterrupted course tend to dissolution and death." — *Charter of the Abbey.*

ON Norman cloister and on Gothic aisle
The fading sunset lingers for a while;
The rooks chant noisy vespers in the elms; —
Then night's slow-rising tide the scene o'erwhelms.

So fade the roses and the flowers of kings,
And crowns and palms decay with humbler things;
All works built up by toil of mortal breath
Tend in unbroken course to dust and death.

Pillar and roof and pavement all are gone;
The lamp extinguished and the prayers long done;
But faith and awe, as stars, eternal shine; —
The human heart is their enduring shrine.

O Earth, in thine incessant funerals,
Take to thyself these crumbling, outgrown walls!
In the broad world our God we seek and find,
And serve our Maker when we serve our kind.

Yet spare for tender thought, for beauty spare,
Some sculptured capital, some carving fair;
Yon ivied archway, fit for poet's dream,
For painter's pencil, or for preacher's theme!

Save, for our modern hurry, rush, and strife,
The needed lesson that thought, too, is life!
Work is *not* prayer, nor duty's self divine,
Unless within them Reverence hath her shrine.

Samuel Longfellow.

END OF VOL. I.

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